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The Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1758, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-second year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 205, Order Sons of St. George—Frederick Edney, President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

COURT WANTON, No. 6979, FORESTERS OF AMERICA—James Graham, Chief Ranger; Joseph J. Dance, Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—James Robertson, President; Daniel J. Coughlin, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 2)—Mrs. B Casey Sullivan, President; Miss B. M. Dennehey, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.

DAUGHTERS OF THE THISTLE, No. 3—President, Mrs. Catharine Gillies; Secretary, Mrs. Adam Hempseed. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.

ADMIRAL THOMAS CAMP, Spanish War Veterans. Meets 1st and 3d Thursdays. Commander, Charles Boldt; Adjutant, Marshall W. Hall.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 1)—President, Miss Catharine Curley; Secretary, Jennie Fontaine. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

REDWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—James H. Hampton, Chancellor Commander; Robert B. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seals. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 3, U. R. K. of P.—Sir Knight Captain Sidney D. Harvey; J. W. Schwarz, Recorder. Meets first Fridays.

CLAN MCLEOD, No. 163—John Yule, Chief; Alexander Gillies, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.

NEWPORT LODGE, No. 239, Independent Order Sons of Benjamin—Louis Lack, President; Louis W. Kravetz, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.

Local Matters.

Board of Aldermen.

Street Commissioner Sullivan appeared before the board of aldermen in special session on Monday evening to talk over the matter of making a contract for the purchase of a new steam road roller from the Buffalo Pitts Company. After he had completed his explanation he was authorized to purchase a new roller at a price of $3,800, from which there will be a credit of $800 for one of the old rollers now owned by the city. Mr. Sullivan said that the new roller is complete in every respect, with all the modern equipment to adapt it to the needs of the department, and is substantially guaranteed.

Mr. Sullivan also said that the two other rollers will need repairs at a cost of $1,194. The department expects to receive soon permission to locate its water tank near Bailey's Beach.

The regular weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening proved to be quite a busy one. Regular weekly bills and payrolls were approved, several licenses were granted and other business was transacted.

There was a long discussion over bills for furnishing the Touro Synagogue, Mr. Aronson coming before the board to represent the contractors, Anthony and Cowell Co. of Providence. He was questioned sharply by members of the board as to bids for the various furnishings and it was voted to call the board of trustees of the Synagogue before the next meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening.

Alderman Shepley was made a committee to consider the painting of the powder house at Easton's Beach. The Old Colony Street Railway was given permission to lay new 90-lb. rails on Broadway. A contract for borrowing $50,000 was made with Blake Brothers & Co. at 4.11 per cent. The fire department was given authority to purchase hose. Aldermen Albro and Kelly were made a committee to purchase markers for certain lots in the cemetery.

During the illness of Colonel John R. Leslie, instructor in Latin at the Rogers High School, his place is being filled by Mr. Heber Senecaig of New York.

Fire at Coal Mines.

One of the large buildings at the Coal Mines in Portsmouth was totally destroyed by a spectacular fire which broke out at about 3.30 Wednesday afternoon, and in an incredibly short time was burned flat to the ground. The building that was burned was the large red structure, standing nearest to the railroad track north of the Portsmouth station. It contained some large boilers but most of the machinery there in was old and it was the intention of the company to tear down the building in a short time.

The fire was discovered on the roof of the building by Senator Henry C. Anthony. Although there was but a slight trace of smoke visible at first it quickly spread downward until the whole building was a mass of flames. The men at work in the mines were notified to come to the surface which they did as quickly as possible, hastening to the scene of the fire. It was at once seen that nothing could be done to save the building and it was allowed to burn itself out, while the men directed their efforts to saving other property, buildings a long distance away being threatened by the flames. Thursday morning there was hardly a stick of wood left on the scene.

Work at the mines was not seriously interfered with by the fire. Temporary arrangements were made to run the pumps and hoisting machinery, and new tracks were laid where they had been destroyed by the fire. The wreckage did not fall on the main railroad tracks so that there was no interference with the running of trains.

Beginning April 1st, the steamer General will make her landings in Newport at Long wharf instead of at Commercial wharf which has been the headquarters of the line since its establishment. Since the purchase of the line by the New Haven road it has been regarded as likely that the landing place would be changed to Long wharf, which is already controlled by the New Haven. The steamer New Shoreham will very probably leave from the same wharf, this summer, and Long wharf will probably become the most important landing place in Newport. It would be well if there was a line of street cars down that wharf as it is a long distance to the car line.

The new nurses home for the Newport Hospital will not be ready for occupancy as early as was expected. It was originally believed that it could be ready by the first of March, but the date was afterwards set back to the first of April, and it is now very evident that it cannot be ready before May. The item of furnishings for the building is one that is causing the hospital management considerable study, for the reason that there is a lack of funds for this purpose.

It is announced that "Belcourt Inn" will be used for hotel purposes during the coming summer, opening on June 1st. The company claims to have made a contract for Mrs. Belmont's residence, and to have made first payment on the property.

Members of the Unity Club are rehearsing for the dramatic reading of Pinero's play, "The Magistrate," which will be given before the club on next Tuesday evening. The play is intensely humorous and a delightful evening is anticipated.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. C. Taylor will come to their summer home very early this spring, remaining here until July, when they will go abroad for the remainder of the season.

The marriage of Miss Mollie Euphemia Martin and Mr. Paul Frederick Kempt will take place at St. Mary's rectory Tuesday afternoon, April 12th.

Mr. Angus McLeod and his daughter, Miss McLeod, have returned from Charleston, S. C., where Mr. McLeod has been for the benefit of his health.

Manager Winn, of the Lowell team of the New England Base Ball League, was guest of President Anthony of the Newport team on Tuesday.

Mr. Henry Hess is enjoying his annual vacation and sailed from New York Tuesday on steamer Kronprinzessin Cecilie for Bremen.

Mr. Seth Low has received the nomination for the presidency of the Republican Club of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Lawton expect to arrive in Newport about April 8th from St. Augustine, Fla.

Colonel and Mrs. John C. Seabury and Mr. William Leys have returned from their trip to Bermuda.

Mrs. William P. Sheffield, accompanied by her children, left for Washington the past week.

Dr. Henry Ecroyd has returned from a visit to Philadelphia.

Light Keeper Charles Curtis is ill at Rose Island light.

Dennis Heirs Win.

The jury in the Dennis will case came to an agreement Wednesday afternoon, finding that the revocation of the will was valid and that the property should be divided among the heirs at law, thus affirming the decree of the Probate Court.

This has been one of the longest cases ever before the court in this city. It was begun on March 11 and was not concluded until March 23, and this in addition to a long hearing of the case in the Probate Court, from which an appeal was taken.

The case was given to the jury Wednesday and about 5 o'clock the jury came back for further instructions. A little after 6 o'clock the jury reported that an agreement had been reached. The finding was that the will of Sarah B. Dennis under date of October 20, 1908, was executed under undue and improper influence of Charles E. Lawton; that at the time of executing the revocation Miss Dennis was of sound and disposing mind; and that the revocation was not obtained by reason of undue and improper influence of William E. Dennis, Jr.

There was one other case tried on Wednesday, a complaint for assault on a girl against Frank Sprague of Block Island. There were many witnesses heard and the verdict was not guilty.

Thursday morning the court completed its March session and adjourned according to law, several of the cases assigned for this session having been forced over to the next one on account of the length of the Dennis will case.

Easter Day.

Next Sunday will be Easter and will be observed by special services in all the Christian churches. Special music will be given under the direction of the choir masters, and in many cases there will be augmented choirs. The Roman Catholic and Protestant Episcopal Churches are making especial preparations for elaborate musical programmes, and in these churches there will be additional services held in the early morning.

Easter comes unusually early this year—earlier than it has for a number of years. For this reason it is expected that there is likely to be a scarcity of Easter lilies which are usually a feature of the season's decorations, and which are said to be very scarce in the South this year. It is also likely that the early date may interfere with the usual display of spring millinery on that day.

Seventy-Fifth Birthday.

Mr. Daniel C. Denham observed the seventy-fifth anniversary of his birth at his home on Spring street on Monday. A number of friends called during the day to offer congratulations and he was the recipient of a number of gifts. Mr. Denham was in excellent spirits and was pleased at the thought of his friends remembering him as they did on this occasion.

Mr. Denham is the oldest jeweler in Newport and was always at his place of business until about a year ago, when failing health would not permit him to perform his customary duties regularly.

A number of Reporters were in Middleboro the past week, attending the funeral there on Thursday of Captain James C. Clifford, who resided in Newport for a number of years. Captain Clifford was master of the schooner which bore his name and which brought coal to this city for a number of years, the cargoes being mostly for the late Gardiner B. Reynolds. He left Newport about fifteen years ago. A widow, a son, and a daughter survive him.

Mrs. Overton G. Langley, who has been confined to her home on Cotton's Court by illness, was able to be out the past week.

Mrs. Lawrence W. Coudray who has been seriously ill for some time, has so far recovered as to be able to be out.

The public schools closed for the Easter vacation Thursday afternoon. They will re-open on April 4th.

Mrs. John P. Simmons is seriously ill at the home of her niece, Mrs. Robert G. Babcock, on Broadway.

Mrs. Harry S. Manuel is spending the Easter holidays with relatives in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dr. Emery H. Porter was the preacher at St. George's Church Wednesday evening.

Letter Carrier Philip S. Simmons has been granted a leave of absence.

Mr. Dennis Shanahan is able to be out after his recent illness.

Mrs. William B. Vernon and daughter are visiting in New York.

Mr. Harry Alger is able to be out after his recent illness.

Colonel John Jacob Astor and his son have gone to Europe.

Insect Pests.

Mr. A. E. Stene, president of the Rhode Island Agricultural College, gave an interesting lecture on "The Best Methods of Protecting Trees from the Ravages of Insects" at the Natural History Museum on Saturday evening last. He told of the numerous insects that attack trees in this vicinity and illustrated his remarks by stereoption pictures. The tussock moth has injured a great deal of the foliage here, but the gypsy moth which has done almost inestimable damage in other New England States has not yet been seen south of Warren.

At the conclusion of Professor Stene's lecture many of the gentlemen present related their experiences and made suggestions for dealing with insect pests. Among the speakers were Harford W. H. Powel, Alexander MacLehan, Philip Caswell, F. M. Greenlaw, Joseph P. Cotton, and A. O' D. Taylor.

The committee appointed by the representative council recently to look into the matter of building a new police station, or repairing the old one, of which Mr. Robert Kerr is the chairman, paid a visit to the present station Tuesday evening, and had an opportunity to thoroughly look over the premises while the building is in use. The members of the committee were pretty thoroughly impressed with the necessity for something being done, and it seemed to be the opinion that the most advantageous thing to do would be to build an entirely new structure on the site of the present structure. The committee is authorized to secure plans and estimates for the work, having an appropriation of $500 at their disposal for the purpose.

The funeral of Miss Florence A. Grant, who died at her home on Sherman street last week, took place Monday afternoon from her late residence and was very largely attended. Rev. George W. Quick, D.D., pastor of the Second Baptist church, officiated. Mrs. Sadie Bailey King sang "Nearer My God to Thee" and "Sweet Bye and Bye." There were many beautiful floral offerings. The bearers were Messrs. Henry W. Rankin, Percy L. Bailey, and Jeffrey King of this city, and Mr. Charles Higginson of Jamestown. The interment was in the Braman cemetery.

Chairman Robert S. Burlingame has announced the appointment of two committees created at the last meeting of the representative council as follows: Committee to consider a re-arrangement of ward lines, in connection with the redistricting of the State—Robert Kerr, Clark Burdick, Max Levy, French E. Chadwick, George E. Bowman. Committee to consider extermination of rats and mice—Rowland S. Langley, Charles M. Cole, George D. Ramsey, Marcus F. Wheatland, Henry A. Kalkman.

The New England Southern Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church will meet in seventieth annual session at the Centenary Methodist Church in Attleboro, Mass., next week, the session beginning on March 29. Bishop Neely will preside. It is not expected that there will be any change in the Newport pastorates this year, both Mr. Cooper and Mr. Geisler having been asked to remain here another year.

The winter meeting of the Rhode Island Library Association will be held at the Free Library in Arlington, R. I., on Wednesday, March 30. Addresses will be delivered by Mr. Ethan Wilcox, Miss Jane E. Gardner, Rev. J. L. Peacock, Rev. G. G. Atkins, D. D. Luncheon will be served at the library.

The national lawn tennis tournament has been set for the Newport Casino for the season of 1910, the same as usual, with this exception that the tournament will open on Monday, August 15, instead of on Tuesday as heretofore has been the custom.

Mr. Peter D. Martin met with a painful and serious accident on the Clark Ground in the polo game at Burlingame last Saturday, which may result in his being unable to use his right arm again.

Mr. David B. Allen, who was recently operated on at the Newport hospital, has so far recovered as to be at his place of business for a short time.

Mr. and Mrs. Craig Biddle, of Philadelphia and Newport, who recently returned from a trip to the South, were visitors here the past week.

Rev. Henry N. Jeter, D.D., was in Cambridge on Wednesday attending the funeral of Rev. William A. Burch, D.D.

Mrs. Martin E. Brown has returned from Providence, where she has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Page.

The loss at the planing mill of Thomas F. Keeber amounted to $2,318.

Officer Kain is on sick leave.

Recent Deaths.

Thomas W. Freeborne.

Mr. Thomas W. Freeborne died at his residence on Spring street on Tuesday evening, after an illness of only about a week. Death was due to pneumonia which made rapid progress upon his somewhat weakened constitution.

Mr. Freeborne was son of the late William W. Freeborne, and was born in this city in 1842. He learned the tinsmith's trade, and was an excellent workman, possessed of much ingenuity which he later developed in the form of inventions on which he secured patents. While still a comparatively young man he became associated in business with the late A. C. Titus, under the firm name of Titus & Freeborne, but afterward retired from this firm. He was later engaged in business for himself as an auctioneer. He was for several years elected by the city council inspector of kerosene and sealer of weights and measures, filling both positions well.

Mr. Freeborne had been for 38 years a member of the First Methodist Episcopal Church, and took an active part in all its work. At the time of his death he was a member of St. Paul's Lodge, having withdrawn from the other Masonic bodies in which he formerly took an active interest. He had also been an active member of the Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias and Royal Arcanum.

He is survived by a widow, daughter of the late Rev. Carlos Banning, one daughter, Mrs. John Gladding, Jr., and one son, Mr. T. Laurence Freeborne of Arlington, Mass.

Middletown.

On Wednesday evening of next week, Mr. C. LeRoy Grinnell will give a piano and organ recital at the Methodist Episcopal Church at the Four Corners for the benefit of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. He will be assisted by Mr. Karl M. Stone, baritone soloist of Newport and Miss Evelyn Honneywell reader of the West Main Road Middletown.

The young Men's Republican club is planning for an elaborate social on next Tuesday evening at the town hall, an entertainer from Boston being a leading feature upon the program. The affair will be the annual "Ladies Night" of this club, and will include dancing and refreshments.

Good Friday was observed at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel by morning service at 11 o'clock with sermon by Rev. Latta Griswold. It being the second anniversary of the death of Rev. Henry Morgan Stone, a former rector at the Chapel, palm branches with streamers of purple, had been placed above the memorial tablet erected in his memory.

Mr. W. Clarence Peckham and his family who have been spending the winter at Eustis, Florida, expect to leave for Middletown on March 30.

The road machine is being used with good effect on many of the side roads to reduce the heavy ruts caused by incessant teaming during the muddy season.

Plans are underway for the building of several new houses in various parts of the town.

Good Friday being a holiday the five schools closed Thursday night for a ten days' vacation. They are to reopen April 4th for the spring term.

The Ronkonkoma Dramatic Club is to give a dance at the town hall on Tuesday evening of next week.

An especial evening service at 7.30 will be held on Easter day at the Berkeley Memorial Chapel. There will be a celebration of Holy Communion at the morning service at 11 o'clock.

Under the auspices of the Social department of the Epworth League a very pleasing and instructive program was given before a large gathering on Wednesday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. J. Peckham on Green End avenue.

The evening was devoted to short readings upon birds, their characteristics and habits; a poem, "The Jackdaw of Rheims"; bird songs by a trio and quartette of children; a piano selection "Roving Bird", and two very clever games entitled, "Four and twenty Blackbirds in a Pie", and the "Double wing game". Colored plates of birds were circulated, and the "24" paper birds attached to the walls and curtains in the various rooms were very attractive. Ten minutes were allowed the company to form as many words as possible from the name "Partridge". 60 was the largest number secured by Mrs. C. E. Delamater. Miss Bertha Morrison, teacher at the Peabody School, guessed correctly 23 out of the "24 Blackbirds". A number seemed unfamiliar with the Thrasher bird. The League is planning to hold the annual egg supper April 27th.

No meeting of the Oliphant Reading Club will be held this week, the regular day falling upon Good Friday.

Much is being done to improve the grounds at Southwicks Grove. A brook clearing has been made about the round house and an addition is being built at the side. The trees are being gradually thinned out and the underbrush cleared away. Sunday last was observed as Palm Sunday in the Episcopal churches at the Berkely Memorial Chapel there was a celebration of Holy Communion by the rector, Rev. Latta Griswold assisted by Rev. John B. Diman. The Chapel was attractively decorated with tall potted palms and sprays of palms were used upon the altar forming a background for white carnations and ferns. Branches of palm were distributed at the close of the service.

Middletown.

COURT OF PROBATE—At the Court of Probate held on Monday, James H. Barker was appointed temporary Guardian of C. Henry Congdon, and gave bond in the sum of $3,000, with James R. Chase and Howard R. Peckham as sureties. The petition of Daniel J. Congdon and others to appoint James H. Barker, permanent Guardian of C. Henry Congdon was continued to the third Monday of April with an order of notice, and like disposition was made of the third account of Harriet B. Chase, Guardian of Sarah C. Coggeshall, and of the petition of George S. Wyatt, to prove the will of Benjamin Wyatt.

In Town Council, Frederick B. Spooner, Daniel A. Peckham, Richard H. Wheeler and Chester A. Carr were appointed Supervisors of the election of town officers, to be held on April 6.

Ashton C. Barker was appointed Forest Warden.

The local managers of the two electric railways were requested to adopt means to prevent the annoyance and danger to travelers on the highways, occasioned by the dazzling and blinding effects of the arc headlights used on their cars, during the night season.

Philip Caswell was appointed a Committee to purchase and plant a hedge, to extend from the east side of the town hall to the east side of the town house lot.

It was voted to submit to the taxpaying electors at the annual town meeting four propositions: 1st, to appropriate $2,000 for the ordinary repair of the highways; 2d, to appropriate $5,000 for the construction of stone roads; 3d, to appropriate $500 for the purchase of oil to preserve the surface of the stone road beds, and 4th, to appropriate $300 for repairs on the Poor House.

NOMINATIONS FOR TOWN OFFICERS—The Republicans held a caucus on the evening of March 17 and nominated the following candidates for town officers:

Moderator—Lewis R. Manchester.
Town Clerk—Albert L. Chase.
Town Council and Overseers of the Poor—1, Henry I. Chase; 2, Henry C. Sherman; 3, James H. Barker; 4, Lewis R. Manchester; 5, Joseph E. Kilne.
Justices of the peace—Elisha Clarke Peckham, Henry M. Wilson, J. Oscar Peckham, Edward M. Petzka.
Town Treasurer—Charles H. Ward.
Town Sergeant—Thomas G. Ward.
Assessors of Taxes—Edward E. Peckham, John H. Spooner, Henry C. Sherman, Jr., Edward J. Peckham, Harry E. Peckham.
Collector of Taxes—Alfred C. Anthony.
Fence viewers—Elisha A. Peckham, William J. C. Chase, H. G. Peckham.
Auctioneers—J. Overton Peckham, John Nicholson, James A. Taber.
Town Auditors—Reuben W. Peckham, Alfred S. Ward, Harold R. Chase.
Cemetery Committee—Charles Peckham, George Peabody, Robert E. Grinnell.
School Committee—Edith N. Hunter, Nathaniel L. Champlin, Jr.

The Citizens' Association, through the medium of nomination papers, have named the following ticket:

Moderator—William L. Brown.
Town Clerk—Albert L. Chase.
Town Council and Overseers of the Poor—Arthur W. Chase, William R. Hunter, John H. Oxx; Francis J. Coggeshall, George S. Wyatt.
Justices of the Peace—Elisha C. Peckham, Nathan B. Brown, Joseph R. Coggeshall, Charles E. Ash, Jr.
Town Treasurer—Passed.
Town Sergeant—Fillmore Coggeshall, Jr.
Tax Assessors—Alden P. Barker, William S. Coggeshall, J. Willis Peckham, Alvin P. Smith, Dennis J. Murphy.
Tax Collector—John H. Peckham.
Fence Viewers—Elisha A. Peckham, William J. C. Chase, Ashton C. Barker.
Auctioneers—Elisha A. Peckham, William V. Hart, James A. Taber, Francis E. Lewis.
Auditors—William L. Brown, B. W. H. Peckham, Alfred Ward.
Committee in charge of Middletown Cemetery—Charles Peckham, Joseph L. Chace, Robert E. Grinnell.
School Committee—Edith N. Hunter, Lilla P. Peckham.

The proposed test of the new lobster law, requiring licenses for lobster fishermen, did not materialize. The court finds that two Newport men recently charged with taking lobsters without a license, were guilty of taking lobsters in the close season, so that the license question is not material to the case and cannot be made a test.

A reception will be held at the Artillery Armory on Monday evening, April 4, in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of Ordnance Sergeant Thomas H. Lawton in the service of the Newport Artillery.

Real Estate Sales and Rentals.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented for Robert G. Hone, of New York, for the Newport summer season, his villa and grounds at the corner of Beach road and Greenough Place, to Mrs. Harriette W. Berryman, of New York, the mother of Mrs. Lorillard Spencer and Mrs. De Rham.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented the following minor rentals: The furnished cottage at 60 Friendship street, for Mrs. Clarence C. Aiger to Christopher Murray, U. S. N.; the upper half of 13 Bradford Place, for Mrs. W. F. Adams to Lester Savery, and the lower half of 40 East Bowery street, for Miss Greelish to Simon L. Rosen.

Max Levy, receiver for W. R. Dodge, has sold to Ernest Weston of Middletown, for $800, a lot of land bounded south, 46 feet, on Warner street; north 46 feet, and east 95 feet, by land of Sarah A. Sayer and others, and west, 95 feet, by land of Catherine Horgan, and containing 4,394 square feet.

Thomas W. Duffy has sold to Sarah G. Duffy his interest in the estate bounded northeast on Gould street, southeast on Warner street, northwest on land of Charles Walker and southwest on land of P. J. Buckley.

Cherub Devine

By SEWELL FORD

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CHAPTER VI.

THE big rooms at Hewington Acres were empty and very still long before midnight, but the Cherub continued to sit in the library, smoking and meditating. He had a trick when watching an unsteady market of tearing pieces of paper into small bits and throwing them away. He was doing this now, and the eastern rug under his feet looked as if it had been visited by a stage snowstorm. He was aroused by an odd noise. It sounded as if some one was dragging a heavy object down the stairs.

Looking out through the door hangings, he could see the lower half of the staircase. For a moment he waited, and then there appeared the Countess Vecchi, tugging at a dress suit case which was evidently well filled. She was dressed as if for the street, with a light silk dust coat over her black gown and a jaunty straw hat on her head. When she saw the Cherub she seemed startled and shrank back guiltily.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "I—I did not expect to find you here. I am going away."

"Are you? Do you generally start alone and in the middle of the night?" The Cherub had walked out into the hall.

"I—I don't care to talk to you about it, Mr. Devine. I am going away, I tell you." Her brown eyes looked as if they might fill with tears at any moment.

"All right, all right," he said soothingly. "You needn't talk about it."

The Countess Vecchi allowed the suit case to slide to the floor, and then she faced him resolutely.

"Mr. Devine, I have found out all about you."

"Me!"

"Yes. I know why you are here."

"Good! You know a blamed sight more than I do then."

"It is useless for you to try to keep up the deceit any longer, Mr. Devine. My father has confessed the whole wretched story. He told me at first that you were merely here on some law business, but when I heard that you were entertaining your friends here, just as you would in your own house, I demanded to be told the truth. And now I know. Oh, I know it all. This is your house. You own it. Somehow or other you have tricked my poor father out of it, and now our beau-ti-ful ho-p-ome is yours. Dare you deny it? Come! Isn't it so?"

The Cherub bowed his head in meek submission.

"Then," exclaimed the countess, "you are not only a wicked man, but you are deceitful, cruel! I despise you! You—you are"—

Just what else he was the astonished Cherub was never to know, for at that point the denunciation was interrupted. The threatening flood submerged the brown eyes, and the countess, sinking down on the bottom stair, leaned against the carved newel post and sobbed tempestuously into the ample sleeve of the silk coat.

"Oh, say, now!" he pretested. "See here, won't you? I didn't mean it. I take it all back, honest I do. Come, now; let's talk it over. Oh, stop it! Do stop it!"

To the Cherub's urgent entreaties she paid not the slightest heed.

She grasped the suit case and marched past him with as much dignity as it was possible to assume with a heavy weight dragging down one arm. At the door she made a determined attack on the bolts. Stupidly the Cherub watched her as she tugged away vainly.

"You had better wait until morning, hadn't you?" he suggested.

To this she made no reply, but shoved and pulled at the stubborn bolts until she was forced to give up. Then, just as he had thought her beaten, she went promptly to one of the French windows in a front room, turned the catch and stepped out on the veranda. Mr. Devine followed.

"I do not wish for your company, Mr. Devine."

"I suppose you don't, but I'm going just the same. I'll get my coat and hat."

As he ran back into the hall he heard the countess leave the veranda. Snatching up an opera hat and a raincoat, he hurried out through the window after her. She was easily overtaken, for the suit case acted as a brake.

"You'd better let me carry your bag," he said as he overtook her, but the offer was ignored, and the repulsed Cherub fell back a pace. Thus they started down the narrow graveled path which wound a leisurely course in and out among the shrubbery toward the main road.

"See here," he said sternly as he stepped forward beside her; "you must let me take that bag."

"I shall not! I don't need your"—she began bravely enough, but the Cherub had already lifted it from her numbed fingers.

"I know you don't," he said, "but I've got the bag."

A low grumble of distant thunder caused the countess to slacken her pace.

"There!" he exclaimed reproachfully. "It's going to rain, you see. Did you hear that?"

"Yes, I heard."

"But where are you going?"

The countess stopped abruptly and turned to say: "I think I told you, Mr. Devine, that I did not care to discuss my plans with you at all. Will you give me my bag?"

"No," said the Cherub. "I shall lug it myself, and I shall follow you until I see you safe somewhere."

With a gesture of impatience the countess resumed her way.

A brisk breeze sprang up somewhere. The treetops began to rock and sway like drunken men. Several sharp crashes of thunder came in quick succession, and the bare highway emerged for an instant from indistinct gloom as the lightning revealed every detail. Then there came a hush. Big drops of rain fell with menacing impact on the crown of the Cherub's opera hat.

"There! I told you it was going to rain," he announced. "Hold on, now; I'm going to put this coat on you."

The countess hesitated. He had dropped the bag and was holding up the coat by the collar. Another and more vivid flash than any which had preceded it revealed him with photographic distinctness. She could not help noting that he looked very well in evening dress. He did not seem so much inclined to stoutness as in a business suit.

"No; you need the coat yourself. You'll be wet through in a moment." The big drops struck through her thin silk sleeves coldly on her arms.

Then she allowed him to help her into the raincoat.

"Come on," he said, picking up the bag and starting ahead. The rain was now drumming a roaring tattoo on the crown of his hat.

"You must take my arm or you'll fall," ordered the Cherub. Meekly she obeyed, and they went plunging and sliding through the storm.

"Oh, you're being drenched!" said the countess. Apparently he did not hear. "You are wet through, aren't you?" she shouted in his ear.

"Not quite," he answered calmly. "Come on."

There ensued a period during which they stumbled and slid along in silence. At last they discovered several houses near the road.

"We're getting into the village," announced the Cherub. "Isn't that where we want to go?"

"Yes," said the countess. "I suppose so."

"But where? Whereabouts in the village?"

"The railroad station."

"The railroad station!" The Cherub echoed this as if he had never heard the words before. "What do you want to go there for?"

"Because I am going away," said the countess wearily. "I'm going away."

Five minutes later, when they reached the station, he saw with joy that it was one of those low, wide roofed affairs, under whose eaves they could at least find shelter from the pelting rain.

The station was dark, and all the doors were locked, of course, but there was a baggage truck. He dropped the suit case with a sigh of relief and gently helped the countess to a seat on the baggage truck.

"Well, this is something like, isn't it? Great, eh?" he demanded. At every step his shoes made a slushing sound.

"Your feet must be terribly wet," suggested the countess.

"Wet! Oh, they're not so very wet. I felt fine after that walk, don't you?"

"I—I'm rather tired."

"Yes, probably you are. But now you can rest. You can rest while we are waiting for the train, you know. What time do we get a train anyway?"

"There's one at half past 7 in the morning!"

"Yes; that's the first one."

The Cherub took out his watch and tried to see the face of it, but there was not light enough.

"Look here," he said, leaning against the truck and peering at the countess earnestly. "You don't mean to stay here until half past 7, do you?"

"I—I don't know," said the countess weakly. "I did when I started, but—

"OH, YOU'RE BEING DRENCHED!" SAID THE COUNTESS.

but I'm tired now and wet and— Oh, I wish I hadn't come at all; I wish I hadn't."

"There, there!" said the Cherub, patting her shoulder. "Don't you worry. I'll go and rout out some one. I'll get a team to take us back."

"No, no! I don't want to stay here alone. Please don't leave me here alone, Mr. Devine!" She grasped his hand and clung to it tightly.

"All right, all right! I won't leave you. We'll go together and find some one. See; it isn't raining nearly so hard as it was. I think the shower must be almost over. Shall we start now?"

The countess was quite ready. There was a livery stable just across from the station, she said. Fortunately they found a night hostler dozing in the office. It was with difficulty, however, that he could be induced to harness a pair of horses. His chief desire seemed to be to gaze at the dripping clothes of Mr. Devine.

The drive back to Hewington Acres was silent and uneventful. As they neared the house they saw that it was brightly illuminated. Out through the open front doors streamed a broad pathway of light across which figures were moving. One of these was Mr. Hewington.

"Adele!" he exclaimed, with much dramatic fervor as he saw the countess and stretched out his arms to receive her. She went to him and promptly began to sob on his shoulder.

Next appeared the soggily clothed Cherub with the suit case. "Whew!" he exclaimed, throwing down the bag. Then, turning to the gaping butler, "Eppings, see if you can find me a dry cigar and a match."

"Sir! Devine, what does this mean, sir?" thundered Mr. Hewington. "I demand an explanation."

"Well, what do you want me to explain—that the rain is wet?" returned the Cherub.

"This is no time for levity, sir. Adele, please go upstairs." Mr. Hewington strode toward Mr. Devine threateningly.

"I want you to explain your astounding conduct, sir," repeated Mr. Hewington.

"Father, father!" pleaded the countess. "I'll tell you all about it."

"Silence, Adele! Go to your room. I will deal with this Mr. Devine."

"Now, don't you be in a hurry, Mr. Hewington, and we'll clear this little mystery in no time," said the Cherub.

"Little mystery, sir!" The tall figure of Mr. Hewington stiffened with anger. "What do you mean, sir? I wake up in the middle of the night to discover that my daughter has fled. I arouse Eppings to learn that he left you at 11 o'clock waiting for her in the library. I find the window open. I discover that you are both gone. And now, at this hour in the morning, you come back in a public carriage. You are a wretch, Mr. Devine, a scheming, villainous"—

"Stop, father, stop! This is too absurd." The Countess Vecchi had stepped between the two men. "It was all my fault. I was running away, and Mr. Devine tried to stop me, and when I wouldn't be stopped he went with me and carried the bag. Then it rained, and he got wet. He is splendid, splendid, and he is very wet."

"Sure, he is wet," assented Mrs. Timmins solemnly.

In a dazed manner Mr. Hewington inspected once more the obviously damp condition of Mr. Devine's raiment.

"Yes, yes, Adele. I suppose it is all right, but it is not yet clear in my mind."

The Cherub was not inclined to continue the dialogue. "Oh, we'll straighten that all out in the morning, Mr. Hewington."

A moment later the chimes of a French clock announced the hour of 3.

"Three o'clock!" exclaimed the Cherub. "I don't believe you'll catch that 7:30 train, will you, countess?"

She had started up the stairs, but she turned to smile and shake her head. It was a friendly smile.

CHAPTER VII.

BUT why should I stay here? Why do you want me to stay?"

The countess was asking Mr. Devine these questions with as much sincerity as if there could be no possible reason why he should object to her leaving Hewington Acres.

"Why—why, because you ought to, because I want you to stay. Don't you see? I want you to stay."

For the better part of the day the Cherub had been waiting for just this opportunity. Now that it had come he stood staring at her with a blank, baffled look in his blue eyes.

The countess glanced curiously at him with a light laugh.

He had found her in her favorite retreat, a rustic summer house perched on a little point of rocks which jutted out into the sound and marked the eastern boundary of the estate.

"It's very kind of you, Mr. Devine," she said, "I'm sure, but I don't feel that I can accept such a favor from—well, from a stranger, you know."

"We'll get acquainted then."

But the countess firmly held to the point. Hewington Acres was no longer her home; therefore she must leave it at once.

"Perhaps it is mine, but I don't want the place," urged the Cherub. "I just bought it for a joke. I'll tell you what I'm going to do—I'm going to sell it back to your father. I'll let it go cheap for the sake of getting rid of it."

The countess shook her head at this proposal. "Father could not buy it back," she said.

"Or I may rent it to him."

"No; we must go away somewhere and get another home—a home of our own."

"I believe it's just because I am here that you're in such a hurry to go. If I should clear out now and not come back until"—

"No, no!" protested the countess. "I shouldn't feel like staying a minute after you had gone—not a minute. While you are here I am, in a way, your guest, but if you were not here I should not have even that standing."

"Then I'll stay," declared the Cherub. "I'll stay here a week, a month, any time."

"Oh, no, you wouldn't!" quickly replied the countess. "I have seen stock speculators before. They are just as much slaves of the market as the wretched men who haunt the gambling halls of Monte Carlo are slaves of the roulette wheel. No; you will be back in Wall street tomorrow morning, eager for the game. It is all you live for—speculation, speculation!"

The Cherub was dumb before this outburst. It had been so unexpected.

"Of course I have no right to say such things to you," she continued more soberly. "I did not intend to say them either. You have been very kind to us, and I—I admire you in many ways. But you should not have tried to make me believe too much. I am not a silly schoolgirl, you know. I—I have had one experience with a man who was"—she hesitated at the confession—"who was a gambler."

She had turned to hide the sudden flush that crept into her cheeks. Suppressed emotion was gently shaking her shoulders.

As in a flash Cherub Devine knew exactly what he wanted to do now, and it was only by clasping his hands resolutely behind his back that he kept from taking her in his arms and otherwise making a spectacle of himself. He saw it all. Even if she did despise him he was in love with the Countess Vecchi.

The revelation came with stunning abruptness, like the glimpses of flooded roadway when the lightning had illuminated their way last night. Yes, he loved her.

If she should know! He was fairly appalled at his own audacity. Suppose she should be at this moment making the discovery which he had just made! Would she shrink away from him in terror or would she laugh scornfully at him? She was sticking a long silver hatpin through the top of her hat and listlessly watching the dingy sails of a coasting schooner that was crawling up the sound. He breathed more freely. She did not know, then.

"There, you'll forgive me, will you not?" she said, turning so quickly toward him that he started guiltily. "I didn't mean to lecture you—really I didn't. And now I must say goodby."

"You—must—say—goodby!" He repeated the words dully.

"Why, yes. I have decided to go to town tonight. I shall ask you to let Timmins drive me to the station this time. You will not go until morning, I suppose."

"But I can't let you go away in this fashion. I don't want you to go at all. There's no need for it."

"You said that before. We've settled all that, you know."

"We hadn't settled it, though," eagerly protested the Cherub. "You said you wouldn't think of staying after I went back because there wouldn't be any host. And then I said I'd stay. Well, I meant it. You can wait a day or two until we make some arrangement. You haven't any particular place to go to, have you?"

"There are lots of hotels in New York," suggested the countess.

"Hotels! Do you suppose we're going to let you run off to New York alone?"

"We?"

"Yes; your father and I. We have had a little talk about you."

"You and my father!"

"Yes."

"Why, you—you surprise me, Mr. Devine. I had no idea that my father ever consulted you."

The Cherub smiled complacently. "He has, though. You're thinking of what he said last night when we came back from the village. But he didn't know how things stood then. We had an understanding this morning, and we agreed that we would try to make you see how foolish it was to run away. Hasn't he said anything about it?"

"Nothing that has influenced my plans."

"But you can see how I feel about it, can't you?" Mr. Devine flushed at his unfortunate wording of this appeal. What he was trying to do most was to conceal his real feelings. But he plunged boldly ahead with his argument. "That's why I am going to stay here until you have promised to be reasonable," was his closing declaration.

"Indeed!" A man with such deep knowledge of womankind as the Cherub thought he possessed would have detected a note of challenge in her tone. Mr. Devine, however, thought that he was managing the affair very cleverly, when she continued, "I suppose I may have time to think it over, if I am to reconsider?"

"Of course, all the time you want," he assented readily.

The countess looked up quickly and replied:

"This is Monday, isn't it? Well, by Wednesday night I shall probably be able to tell you exactly what I mean to do—that is, providing I am still here."

"But you can wait two days, can't you?"

"Yes; I can if you can."

Then the Cherub understood. She meant to take him at his word and hold him to it. Although he thought of many things which might happen to P., Z. and N. if for two whole days his watchful eyes should be taken from it, he did not flinch.

"I'm game," he said.

* * * * * * *

The clanging of a big gong announces the daily openings of the New York Stock Exchange. During five years there had never been a morning when Cherub Devine was not to be found within earshot of that gong when it rang in Wall street's brief but tumultuous day. He was to be found waiting with calm confidence whatever crisis, big or little, might arise, and generally there was something of the sort.

Yet here he was at opening hour on this post-holiday Tuesday morning only vaguely conscious that he was miles away from it all. If he remembered it was only the troublesome thought of a moment. What did he care if a thousand gongs were ringing to open a thousand stock exchanges? They might stay open forever or close for good and all; he was helping the Countess Vecchi toss bits of sweet crackers to a pair of white swans.

Perhaps it was the clear, crisp September air, perhaps it was something else, which caused the Cherub to feel within him a new glow and thrill of mere existence. He himself did not entirely understand the origin of this feeling, but he had no inclination to analyze it. He was glad he was there. Especially he was glad that the countess was there too. Beyond that nothing was to be desired.

Thus it happened that the advent of a red headed boy on a bicycle seemed almost an impertinence. The boy dropped his wheel on the lawn, pulled a thin, black book from his pocket and held out a yellow envelope to Mr. Devine.

"Message for you," announced the boy.

"Well, young man, you take that precious message back to the house, chuck it on the porch and get Eppings to sign. Here's a dollar."

He of the red hair grinned expansively and retired. For another delicious period they threw pieces of sweet crackers to the swans. Then the boy came back on his bicycle.

"Prepaid reply (message)" was his second announcement.

"Want to earn another dollar?" asked Mr. Devine.

"Yep."

"Here it is, then. Chuck this message where you put the other one and tell whoever sent it that I'm very busy or sick abed, or gone fishing—anything you think best—and sign it yourself."

"You don't seem greatly interested in your telegrams, Mr. Devine," observed the countess. "I thought that telegrams always meant something important."

"Not this kind. I'll read them Thursday morning. Isn't there some place we can go where that boy can't find us again?"

"There's the garden. And you have not seen the dahlias yet."

An hour later, when they returned to the house, they found the red haired boy perched on the horse block.

"Three more!" he announced, producing his book. "And they all want rush answers."

"Good!" said Mr. Devine. "Give me your book a minute."

On the receipt blank he wrote "Refused" opposite his name.

"Guess that'll do the trick," observed the boy.

He of the red hair was correct. No more messages were sent up from the village.

CHAPTER VIII.

WEDNESDAY morning arrived in some miraculously abrupt fashion. It found them sitting in a sunny corner of the library. The Cherub was smoking one of his fat, black cigars by special request of the countess, and he was regarding with approving eyes her slim white fingers as they employed an ivory needle in the fashioning of some utterly useless affair that looked like a lot of holes edged with spider webs.

She was wearing some kind of a house gown, with lace falling alluringly away from her white neck and rounded arms. Somehow or other the Cherub felt that he was enjoying a rare privilege. He was inclined to accept the gift humbly and in silence, fearful lest it be taken suddenly away from him.

And then came Eppings to announce the presence of Mr. Nicholas Walloway, adding that his errand was urgent and important.

"Perhaps I had better take my work into another room," suggested the countess, starting to rise.

"No, no! Don't disturb the cobwebs. Nick's business isn't half so important as he thinks it is. Bring him right in, Eppings."

"But I had rather not"—

Whatever her protest might have been, it was cut short by the prompt entrance of young Mr. Walloway. He stopped abruptly, and it seemed as if his gray eyes stared hungrily at the pretty picture she made, standing there in the morning sunshine. The color went from his cheeks, and his lips were tensely drawn.

"Well, Nick, you see I'm still rusticating. Great, isn't it?" smiled the Cherub.

With an obvious effort young Mr. Walloway shook off his embarrassment. Acknowledging the Countess Vecchi with a stiffly formal bow, he turned to the Cherub.

"You must forgive me, Devine, for hunting you up like this, but I thought I ought to do it. It's a matter of business. Couldn't we"— And he looked suggestively at the door.

"I haven't any office here, Nick, and this room is as good as any other. You mustn't mind, countess. Any business I do today will not take long."

"But"— began Mr. Walloway.

"Oh, let's have it, Nick. Bottom dropped out of something?" The Cherub was smiling amiably.

"I rather think you would have thought so if you had been on the floor just before closing yesterday. The Bates-Rimmer crowd is after P., Z. and N. I believe they mean to gobble it up."

"Ah, that gang, eh?" This time the Cherub showed his white teeth when he smiled.

"They began it as soon as they found you were not on deck, and they've been at it ever since. Your brokers had ten clerks out looking for you."

"Got nervous, did they?"

"Nervous! Why, man, didn't you see where P., Z. and N. closed yesterday?"

"Haven't read a paper since I've been here, Nick, and don't intend to. When you go back tell my brokers to keep cool."

"But the Bates-Rimmer crowd mean mischief, Cherub. There's a lot of them in a big pool, and they're hammering your railroad holdings right and left. Some one has been leaking information, and they're hitting you where it will hurt. When I saw how things were going I began wiring you. Didn't you get the messages?"

"I knew those must be from you, Nick; no one else knew where I was."

"But why didn't you answer?"

"Well, I didn't read them, for one thing; I was too busy. We were having a busy time, the countess and I, feeding the swans."

"Feeding the swans!" Mr. Nicholas Walloway made a gesture indicating despair.

"Did you ever watch swans squabble for sweet crackers, Nick?"

"Crackers! You might just as well have thrown bunches of thousand dollar bills at them. Why, Cherub, P., Z. and N. opened at 39⅝ this morning. As soon as I found you hadn't shown up I started for you. I had my car meet me at the station, and it's outside now. We can just make the 11:30 back, and perhaps you'll be in time to stop them before it's all over. Come on; let's start."

"Sorry, Nick, but I couldn't think of it. I'm taking a holiday, you see."

"What! Do you mean to say that you're not coming?" Mr. Walloway gazed doubtingly at the Cherub.

"Not today, Nick."

"Oh, I say, Cherub, don't be an"— He checked himself with a swift glance at the countess, whose brown eyes instantly sought the cobwebby stuff in

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Sundays, 9.50 a. m., then same as week days.
Returning, leave City Hall, Fall River, for Newport via Tiverton, Portsmouth and Middletown, 8.10 a. m., then ten and fifty minutes past the odd hour and half past the even hour until 10.50 p. m., then 11.15 p. m.
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Middletown and Portsmouth—6.47, 9.02, 11.02 a. m., 1.02, 3.02, 5.13, 9.13 p. m.
Tiverton—6.47, 8.20, 9.02, 11.02 a. m., 1.02, 3.02, 5.13, 9.13 p. m.
Middleboro—6.47, 8.20, 11.02 a. m., 3.02 p. m.
Hyannis—11.02 a. m., 3.02 p. m.
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Plymouth—11.02 a. m., 3.02 p. m.
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CHERUB DEVINE

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

her lap. "Don't be foolish," he continued. "I haven't told you all—the worst, you know."

"Well, you can tell me all about it tomorrow, Nick."

"Tomorrow! Great Scott, man, you don't understand! They mean to finish the job today. Tomorrow might as well be next year. Why, you've barely a fighting chance left now, and I don't know that you have that. The street is wild with it."

"I guess things are not as bad as all that, Nick. I'll be down bright and early in the morning."

Mr. Walloway put both hands on Mr. Devine's shoulders.

"Cherub," he said, speaking with an effort at calmness, "you're too good a man to be beaten by a gang like that. You must come back. You have friends—lots of them. We'll get them together and go after that crowd. Besides, it's the old Bates-Rimmer crowd," urged Walloway. "You know them. They're like a pack of mangy wolves."

"Yes; you're right, Nick. They've snapped at my heels many a time."

"And now they're at your throat, Cherub. Come on, won't you?"

For an instant the Cherub hesitated. Then he jumped to his feet. As he

"YES, YES! GO, AND—AND SMASH THEM."

did so he met the earnest eyes of the Countess Vecchi. Until then he seemed to have forgotten her presence.

"There!" exclaimed the Cherub. "I had almost forgotten. I promised to drive you into the village this afternoon to buy more stuff for making cobwebs, didn't I, countess?"

Mr. Walloway threw up his hands. "Devine," he said hoarsely, "I'll wait outside in my car for just three minutes and a half. If you are not there by the end of that time I'll have to go back without you."

"All right, Nick. Much obliged for coming."

"But you'll send some word, even if you don't go, won't you?"

"You might give my regards to old Rimmer."

Mr. Devine had followed his friend to the door. Now he returned, to find that the countess had been looking expectantly after him. The cobwebby affair had been dropped hastily to the floor and lay tangled at her feet.

"You are making this sacrifice to keep me from leaving the house that was once my home?" she said. "Then I must tell you that I shall not accept it. You must go at once."

"Oh, these fellows are always ready for that sort of thing. I suppose they will do more or less damage, but I guess I can stand it."

"You must go back with Mr. Walloway. Please, go!"

"No; I can't."

"Can't! Why can you not go?"

"Because—well, because I think more of showing you that I'm not a born gambler than I do for all the railroad stock in the country. That's why."

This came straight from the heart of Cherub Devine. And the countess could see and hear. She understood.

"Oh, oh!" There was surprise in the cry, perhaps joy. For an instant she hid her face in her hands. When she took them away the spots of color were gleaming beneath her brown eyes. Shyly and very demurely she came to him with clasped hands and gazed up at him as if to search for the truth in his face.

"I believe you," she whispered. "Oh, I do believe in you! But I want you to go. Go this time, to please me."

"Honest? Are you sure you want me to go?" He gripped his hands tightly at his side as he looked at her.

"Yes, yes! Go, and—and smash them." The fighting spirit of all the old Continental Hewingtons must have blazed up and burned anew in her brown eyes. "Don't let them beat you. Smash them hard!" She made a gesture with her soft, white hands to illustrate what she wished him to do. The Cherub smiled.

"But you will not run away while I am gone, will you?" he demanded.

"Perhaps not—if you smash them hard enough. Hurry! He is starting!"

She whirled him about by the shoulders and pushed him toward the door.

"Hold on, Nick, I'm coming!" shouted the Cherub.

The countess ran down the steps and tossed a package to him.

"I almost forgot," she said breathlessly. "I wanted to ask you to sell those for me. They're some stocks or bonds or something, and I want them sold. That's all."

The inner works of the vehicle began to whir violently, the big car leaped forward, and a moment later the Countess Vecchi could see only a little cloud of dust that showed through the trees lining the road to the village.

It remained for a train boy to disclose just how the public viewed the crisis in Mr. Devine's affairs. Halfway to the city the boy came aboard with the early afternoon editions. From the headlines it was evident that the disturbance in Wall street had become a popular topic, the sensation of the hour.

One enterprising journal indulged in a half page cartoon, which was supposed to represent the situation. It was entitled "Plucking a Cherub." A scandalous caricature of Mr. Devine it was, showing him most inadequately clothed, but possessed of a pair of wings from which a group of bad boys were gleefully pulling what few feathers remained, while the victim rubbed his fists into tear leaking eyes and made no attempt at defense.

"Oh, my, my!" and Mr. Devine rocked mirthfully over the cartoon.

"It would be funnier if it wasn't so d——d near the truth!" growled Walloway. "Of course I don't know just how deep you've plunged on this P., Z. and N. deal, but I gathered that you'd gone in rather steep."

"Yes," admitted the Cherub more soberly. "I have. In fact, it's the biggest thing I ever tackled."

Nick Walloway gazed at him incredulously. "And right in the middle of it you take a day off to feed the swans at Hewington Acres!"

"I'd take a year off if it was necessary."

Young Mr. Walloway paled a little. "Devine," he began hesitatingly, "it's—it's the countess, isn't it?"

The pink in the Cherub's chubby cheeks flashed up behind his ears.

"The countess!" she exclaimed. "Why, she's way out of my class, Nick! Oh, she's about a hundred per cent too good for me—aristocratic, refined, old family and all that. Why, she wouldn't look at me, Nick! You know she wouldn't."

"I know that you've been looking at her, and—and"— Something was interfering with the speech of young Mr. Walloway. However, he mastered the difficulty. Suddenly reaching out, he grasped the Cherub's right hand and gave it a crushing grip. "I—I wish you luck, old man."

Perhaps Mr. Devine was a little surprised by this unexpected display of emotion from the usually reserved young man. If he was he brushed it aside.

"Luck nothing, Nick! Much obliged for your good wishes, my boy, but I haven't the ghost of a show. Now, if I was a chap like you there'd be some hope for me. Say, Nick, I wonder you never took a"—

"Beg pardon, Devine, but let's stick to the point. I should not presume to intrude my advice on personal matters, but if I were you I would drop P., Z. and N. until you can give your whole time and thought to the business. Why don't you pull out?"

The Cherub ceased to stare dreamily. "Nick," he said abruptly, "I'll tell you something. I've changed my plans. I'm going to do something besides speculate in that stock. I'm going to buy that road, and I've got to get control before next Friday noon."

"Cherub, you're crazy! It's impossible! Why, the Bates-Rimmer crowd scooped in two-fifths of the stock yesterday, so they say. You know what that means—they'll wreck it, wring it dry. The small outside holders have been tumbling over each other to unload. See here"—and he pointed to a newspaper on his knee—"fifty lots offered during the first half hour today and the quotations dropping by quarter points. Why, you can't stop 'em, man. They've got you on the run."

"Yes, yes, it looks like it, I know. But wait until I've had a chance at them. Let me think this thing over."

Mr. Nicholas Walloway withdrew into his corner of the smoking compartment to stare absentmindedly out of the window. The Cherub was soon apparently engaged in a profound contemplation of the end of his cigar. You would not have guessed, to look at him, that he was considering anything more serious than the flavor of the tobacco. Not until they were on the ferry did he break the silence. Then, briefly and crisply, he outlined his plan of action. Nick Walloway heard him through with a glow of admiration in his eyes.

"If you can do that, Cherub, you'll win," he declared; "but if the scheme slips up"—

"Then I'm down and out. But it's got to go through," and Mr. Devine's mouth lost some of its cherubic curves. "You'll do your part, Nick. Oh, it will be easier than you think! They'll never suspect you're in it. And don't try to report until 11 tonight. Then you know where to come—private dining room, tenth floor. I'll have 'em all there at 11."

* * * * * * *

When Cherub Devine appeared, on the floor a half hour before closing time the rumors of his defeat were passing from mouth to mouth. The Bates-Rimmer retainers were indulging in a war dance of victory.

Silently the Cherub passed to his accustomed corner and began tearing pieces of paper into small bits with the same calm, unhurried air of abstraction as usual. Many glances were bestowed on him, most of them curious, a few sympathetic, some triumphantly vindictive. Everywhere he was regarded as a beaten man. Now and then a gray uniformed floor boy handed him messages, which he read leisurely and as leisurely reduced to fragments. Just as the session closed Pop Rimmer passed near him and turned to favor him with an apelike leer. The Cherub blinked unrespondingly. He seemed too dazed by misfortune even to disguise his chagrin.

A somewhat different Cherub Devine it was, however, who met his half dozen lieutenants that night behind the seclusion of safely locked doors on the tenth floor of a gaudy big hotel. He had become an alert, masterful, confident person, who thrilled those about him by a revelation of unguessed resources and unsuspected reserves of force.

The climax of the struggle was reached during Thursday. Along about the noon hour the members of the Bates-Rimmer combination were forced to admit that the Cherub was still in the fight. They made the admission with profane unction. They did not understand why it was so. They only knew that in some mysterious manner their triumphant career had been checked.

Thus it went. All that afternoon the contest waged. Now the price of P., Z. and N. stocks slumped desperately, now it skyrocketed amazingly. Other stocks were affected. The whole list quaked and quivered as the struggling giants of finance wrestled heedlessly about the arena.

Placidly smoking a fat, black cigar and tilting comfortably back in one of Walloway & Co.'s mahogany office chairs, Cherub Devine received bulletins from the front. That was the position in which Nick Walloway found him when, after the day was over, he rushed in, haggard of face and with an anxious look in his eyes.

"We lack fifty shares," he announced briefly.

"Then that's fifty we must get tomorrow morning," responded the Cherub.

"It can't be done," declared Walloway, dropping hopelessly into a chair. "The country has been raked with a fine toothed comb. We can't get hold of another share. I'm sorry, Cherub, but I've done my best for you. The P., Z. and N.'s annual meeting is held at noon tomorrow, and the Bates-Rimmer crowd has practically got us beaten now. If we only had fifty shares more we could wipe them off the face of the earth."

"You're as bad as the countess," chuckled the Cherub amiably. Then as this reflection recalled something to his mind he thrust his hand into an inner pocket of his coat and drew out a long envelope, at which he stared blankly.

A twinge of guilt pricked his conscience. There—he had completely forgotten the first errand with which she had intrusted him. Doubtless it was to exchange this stock for cash that she had been so anxious to come to the city. Perhaps she had been expecting a remittance by every mail. Shamefacedly he opened the envelope to make an idle examination of the contents. At the first glimpse his expression changed. Hastily he ran through the documents, then shoved them back into the envelope.

A moment later he asked quietly, "How many shares did you say we lacked, Nick?"

"Fifty," gloomily responded Mr. Walloway, his head between his hands.

"And about how much would they be worth to me just now?"

"Worth! Why, anything—three hundred, five hundred, a thousand dollars a share if you could get them—which you can't."

"No?" responded the Cherub. "Well, what do you say to those?" and he tossed the long envelope to Walloway.

That young man took his head from between his hands and glanced reproachfully at the Cherub. It was no time for joking. But he took the packet and began a spiritless investigation. Suddenly he jumped to his feet.

"Devine!" he exclaimed hoarsely. "These are P., Z. and N. preferred!"

"Sure." The Cherub was watching him with calm interest.

"And there are twenty-five—fifty—one hundred shares!"

"Right again, Nick."

"But where on earth—Cherub, are you a wizard?"

"Just make a note of it that I owe the Countess Vecchi a hundred thousand dollars. Guess I can afford to bull the market a little on her account, eh?"

"Afford to! Why, Devine, this gives you control of the road. You've got the Bates-Rimmer crowd under your thumb. You've won, man; you've won!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A MONSTER PLOW.

Designed For Ten Horses, It Took Fifty to Move It.

What is said to be the largest plow in the world was made some years ago at Bakersfield, Cal. This plow was the result of the ingenuity of a ranch superintendent who had authority to make improvements, but not to introduce steam plows. The superintendent had grown very tired of preparing 3,000 acres of land for wheat with ordinary nine or twelve inch plows drawn by two horses.

He argued that if two horses could pull a twelve inch plow six horses could pull a plow thirty-six inches wide and that eight horses could pull a plow forty-eight inches wide. He made the calculations carefully, and, being clever with his pencil, also made drawings and sent for blacksmiths and machinists to construct a plow on his principle.

Some simple folk told him that his great plow would not work, but they contented themselves with saying this dogmatically without giving any mathematical reason therefor. So the superintendent went on with his plans.

The blacksmiths and machinists finished the plow in due time. The share was made to cut a fifty inch furrow. The top of it reached five feet above the ground to give room to throw the earth. The beam was more than a foot thick, but the machine was constructed to run between two great wheels, so that it could be turned around easily, and on the axle between these wheels was the seat for the man who was to drive the ten horses which were hitched to it.

The plow was brought to the great field, the ten horses were attached to it, the handles were raised, the driver mounted his seat, and the team was started. But as soon as the share struck well into the ground the horses stopped short. They were stuck fast. And yet the plow had not gone too deeply into the earth. But it was evident that they could not pull the plow. More horses were brought out, but not until fifty were attached did the plow move along.

Even then it required four men to hold the handles in order to keep the plow in the furrow. It was an economic failure.

Then the superintendent, through the intervention of some one who was a better mathematician than he, learned that he should have cubed the capacity of his twelve inch plow every time he doubled the width of it.—Harper's Weekly.

HIS TAPESTRIES.

The Gems the Collector Bought and Showed to the Expert.

That the collector falls into a trap occasionally is shown by an episode which we recall. An enthusiastic purchaser of old tapestries was once offered in Paris a masterpiece executed on a large scale and held at a large figure. Consulting an expert, he was urged to buy, but the sum demanded seemed to him at the moment a good deal to invest in a tapestry, and he let the opportunity pass.

A year or so later he met his friend, the expert aforesaid, and asked him to come to his house to look at two tapestries he had just secured. "They are smaller," he said, "than the one you advised me to buy and which, to tell the truth, I have always regretted, and I paid twice as much for them as I was asked to pay for that glorious piece, but while it seemed a fearful lot of money to spend I simply couldn't resist the chance."

The specialist in tapestries walked into the gallery of the proud collector and gazed upon his prizes. He gazed for a time in silence and then had to be very guarded in his speech of congratulation. He was looking at the original tapestry, which his friend could have had for half the money, now neatly cut in two and supplied with borders. He never revealed to the victim of this ingenious little game what precisely had happened.—New York Tribune.

A TRYING ORDEAL.

The Fattening Process of a Marriageable Girl in Tunis.

The marriageable girl in Tunis has a trying ordeal to go through after her betrothal to the man not of her choice, but whose choice she is. She has to be fattened to the required size before the ceremony can take place.

As soon as the betrothal takes place she is taken to a room and there cooped up till the fattening process is concluded. Silver shackles are fastened round her wrists and ankles, and the task of her parents and future husband is to increase her bulk till her wrists and ankles fill up the shackles. If the husband is a widower or has "discharged" his first wife the girl has the shackles of the first spouse placed on her, and she must fill them out.

It takes a long time to do this as a rule, and sometimes it cannot be accomplished in spite of all efforts. It is then open to the future husband to cry off the bargain or waive the condition. In the case of a bachelor he takes care to see that the bracelets and anklets are not too large—that is, if he is fond of the girl—but if he is being forced into the marriage by his parents he is a great stickler for custom. Stout girls are the more quickly snapped up in Tunis.—St. James' Gazette.

Wrong Diagnosis.

Mrs. Slingchin put her head over the fence and thus addressed her neighbor, who was hanging out her washing:

"A family has moved into the empty house across the way, Mrs. Mangle."

"Yes, I know."

"Did you notice the furniture?"

"Not particularly."

"Two loads, and I wouldn't give a sovereign a load for it. Carpets? I wouldn't put 'em down in my kitchen. And the children! I won't allow mine to associate with 'em. And the mother! She looks as if she had never known a day's happiness. The father drinks, I expect. Too bad that such people should come into this neighborhood. I wonder who they are."

"I know 'em."

"Do you? Well, I declare! Who are they?"

"The mother is my sister, and the father is the superintendent of the Sunday school."

"Oh—ah—um! Do you think it's going to rain?"

The First Tooth Festival.

Among the Syrians there is no such thing as giving a party in celebration of the first anniversary of the birth of a child. The celebration is held when the baby cuts its first tooth. On such an occasion friends of the parents are not invited to the house to eat cakes and listen to a phonograph, but whatever sweets may be prepared for the occasion are sent by the parents to the homes of the friends whom they wish to inform of the news. The friends later visit the parents and tender their congratulations. The dishes in which the sanainiah is carried to neighbors and friends are not returned immediately. Sometimes it is a week or even two before they are back in their customary places in the family cupboard. When they are returned they are not empty.

Particular.

"Waiter, bring me a finger bowl!"

"There's your finger bowl, sir."

"But that's only one."

"And do you want two, sir?"

"Certainly I want two. You don't suppose I'm going to wash my left hand in the bowl I just washed my right hand in, do you?"—Yonkers Statesman.

As Ever.

"When Cholly Van Rox proposed to me he was too rattled to say a word."

"Then how did you know he was proposing?"

"Oh, my dear, his money did all the talking!"—Cleveland Leader.

Fooled.

"De man dat t'inks nobody can't fool him," said Uncle Eben, "stahts in by foolin' hi'se'f right there."—Washington Star.

They that stand high have many blasts to shake them.—Shakespeare.

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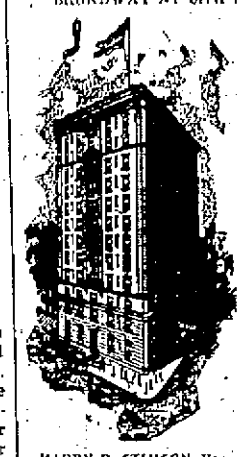

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The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

Office Telephone 151
House Telephone 1910

Saturday, March 26, 1910.

The famous Russell will case in Boston is almost completed. It has occupied 116 court days, and 205 witnesses have been heard, while the stenographic record of the testimony occupies 11,400 pages. It looks good for the lawyers, whatever the verdict may be.

Indiana is somewhat stirred by an elopement that took place in that State this week. The bride who was of the tender age of seventy-five ran away and married a mere boy of seventy-seven. Parents should be more careful and exercise a greater watchfulness over their wayward children.

Massachusetts has elected a Democratic Congressman to fill a vacancy in her delegation caused by the death of Congressman Lovering. While the Democrats are naturally very jubilant over their victory the national significance of it amounts to absolutely nothing. The Republicans were so short-sighted as to nominate a man who alienated many of the old standbys of the party and his defeat was freely predicted some weeks ago. It was far more a personal matter than one dealing with national issues.

President Taft's visit to Rhode Island was a short one, but it was an occasion long to be remembered by the men who were present at the banquet of the Jewelers' Board of Trade. When the Waterways Convention meets in Rhode Island next fall, President Taft will again be a guest of the State, and on that occasion the people of Newport will have an opportunity to see the Chief Executive. He makes new friends wherever he goes and is without doubt one of the ablest Presidents that this nation has ever had.

Although the naval bill as reported to the national House has been cut $2,000,000 from the original estimates it still carries a provision for the construction of two first-class battleships, one repair ship, two fleet colliers and five submarines. It is a pity that there could not have been inserted an appropriation for the construction of a big dry dock in Narragansett Bay, but that will surely come in time. Every new battleship that is authorized by Congress makes the necessity for a dry dock here greater.

To satisfy an unusually active demand for babies, centering chiefly around New Orleans and southern Louisiana towns, the New York Foundling and Orphan Asylum sent out a cargo of choice but parentless tots last week in answer to letters from comfortable but childless homes. Since then the quality of home-brighteners sent out has proved of such a high order that the institutions have been swamped with letters demanding babies, and is now getting ready a second consignment to send Dixieward in a few weeks.

Money is so easy in Pittsburg that nobody heretofore has had occasion to bother about the lefty councils. Now that a confession has been obtained from one boodler, most of the other councilmen who have been guilty of criminal frauds have made haste to shelter by confessing their misdeeds. As the court has made it a condition of leniency that the guilty men shall resign from the council the city is confronted with the unusual condition of lack of quorum in those bodies. The conditions are said to be startling in the extreme, as men who were held in the highest honor have been found to be guilty of dishonest practices.

A Yale professor says that the preacher who forsakes sensationalism for theology has no place in the pulpit today. To some extent this may perhaps be true. Sensational preachers of the extreme type have accomplished things that the old-school minister could never hope to do, and while the latter may decry the methods of the former he can but acknowledge that both are bringing souls to Christ. Before the advent of the Salvation Army the slums were practically left to their own resources, but the success of the sensationalism of these dauntless Army workers brought in denominational workers, who, while they did not go to the extent of using drum and cornet and red uniform, found much that was of value to them in the less showy phases of Army methods. And yet to say that a preacher is of no value unless he is a second Billy Sunday is going to a length that cannot be accepted by thinking people. The success of various methods of preaching the gospel can only be guged by the effect upon the congregation, and there are many places where the sensational preacher of extreme type would really work much greater harm than good. There is room in the world for all the Christian workers, whatever form of address they may use.

General Assembly.

It is generally regarded as extremely doubtful if the Legislature will be able to complete its business so as to adjourn before the sixty days expire, which will be on April 15. It was at first thought that it might be possible to complete the business a week before that in order to leave time for the adjourned session next summer, but of course a recess will be taken until summer in any event, in order to approve the work of the redistricting commission.

Newport men and measures have figured rather prominently in legislative proceedings this week. A bill requiring motor boats to use mufflers, asked for by the summer residents of Newport, has been introduced in the House. At the hearing before the joint judiciary committees on Thursday on Osteopathy, the Newport Medical Society was represented by several members in opposition, and Judge Franklin spoke against the bill.

The two measures asked for by the representative council of Newport, the food inspection bill and the building inspector bill, were given a public hearing by the judiciary committee of the House on Friday, and Newporters were represented there.

The Senate on Friday passed the child labor bill in concurrence and it goes to the Governor for his signature. The bill for biennial elections has been reported in the Senate with recommendation of passage in concurrence. The appropriation bill which passed the House last week is now in the finance committee of the Senate. The Senate has passed a number of bills having to do with the examination of savings banks and with judicial procedure.

Weather Bulletin.

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Washington, D. C., March 26, 1910.

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent March 26 to 30, warm wave 25 to 29, cool wave 28 to April 1. This disturbance will cause high temperature waves in the sections which I have named the middle northwest, the southwest and the lakes. See Foster's Weather Map. In New England middle Atlantic states and eastern Canada it will cause low temperatures and rains. The storms of this disturbance will be at their greatest intensity in eastern sections and on Pacific slope about March 30 and 31.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about March 30, cross Pacific slope by close of 31, great central valleys April 1 to 3, eastern states 4. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about March 30, great central valleys April 1, eastern states 3. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about April 2, great central valleys 4, eastern states 6.

The overshadowing feature of this disturbance will be its unusually low temperatures and its excessive rainfall in northeast, southwest and southeast sections and northern part of northwest section. Every reader should constantly refer to Foster's Weather Map which will be mailed to subscribers of this paper free on receipt of stamp. Address Foster's Weather Bureau, Washington, D. C.

A period of severe storms may be expected during the week of which April 8 will be central day. I am of opinion that these storms will reach their climax along meridian 90, a north and south line passing a little west of Houston, through Omaha, and a little east of Winnipeg. I can now approximate the longitude of these severe storms and a little later I will be able to also approximate their latitudes. I now know the law that controls their location and will soon be able to more definitely locate them.

During the approach of that disturbance a great warm wave will drift eastward and for ten days following it the temperatures will fluctuatingly go down and down till, in northern sections, they will fall to near the frost line. From April 20 to 29 the trend of temperatures will be upward and rainfall will decrease.

THE COMET.

Its tail is always a streamer pointing away from the sun because, why? No agreement among scientists on that point. I will give my version. Attraction of gravitation, no one knows what it is, gives the comet a momentum without which momentum it could not come inside the orbit of Saturn. The elements near the sun are so dense that they would float the comet far out in space were it not for its momentum. Therefore when it nears the sun those elements, the sun's electrosphere, resist the comet and the lighter or volatile elements are thus driven away from the sun and form the tail.

Election of Officers.

Historical Society.

President—Hamilton B. Tompkins.
First Vice President—W. Watts Sherman.
Second Vice President—Daniel B. Fearing.
Recording Secretary—Robert S. Franklin.
Corresponding Secretary—George H. Richardson.
Treasurer and Librarian—R. Hammett Tilley.
Curator of Coins and Medals—Edwin P. Robinson.
Directors—Dr. W. S. Sherman, Hamilton B. Tompkins, R. Hammett Tilley, R. S. Franklin, W. Watts Sherman, D. B. Fearing, A. O'D. Taylor, George H. Richardson, Edwin P. Robinson.

Chief Gunner David Hepburn, U. S. N., has been detached from the Training Station and ordered to duty at Rose Island.

Greta—Bella tells me she's sorry she ever married you.

Clarence—She ought to be. She did some nice girl out of a husband!—London Tit-Bits.

"Lottie, what would you do if you woke up some night and found a burglar in your room?" "If he was hunting for money I'd get up and help him hunt."—Life.

"You can't tell what sort of a cook a wife will make." "And you can't tell what sort of a wife a cook will make, and there you are."—Washington Herald.

"They say Harold Coddington has brain fever." "Impossible. Could an angleworm have water on the knee?"—Chicago Record Herald.

WEEKLY ALMANAC

MARCH 1910		STANDARD TIME							
		Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon sets		High water Morn		High water Eve	
26	Sat	5 56	6 17	7 11		8 03		8 21	
27	Sun	5 54	6 18	8 12		8 53		9 56	
28	Mon	5 52	6 19	9 12		9 16		9 51	
29	Tues	5 51	6 20	10 13		9 50		10 08	
30	Wed	5 49	6 21	11 14		10 28		10 43	
31	Thurs	5 47	6 22	mo'n		11 13		11 37	
1	Fri	5 45	6 23	0 15				12 12	

Last Quarter, 4d day, 2h. 52m., morning
New Moon, 11d day, 7h. 12m., morning
First Quarter 17d day, 10h. 37m., evening
Full Moon 25d day, 5h. 21m., evening.

Washington Matters.

Momentous Proceedings in Congress—A New Committee of Rules—Speaker Cannon Overthrown—Little Attention Given to the Ballinger-Pinchot Inquiry—Tariff War Hoped to be Averted.—Notes.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

Washington, D. C., March 25, 1910.

For two days there have been momentous proceedings in the lower House of Congress in Washington. To explain the political situation and the parliamentary processes with all that led up to them and with the results they have foreshadowed would require more than the space of this letter. Suffice it to say, that the combination of Democrats and Insurgent Republicans that have long been antagonistic to the rule of Speaker Cannon and the regulars, as his Republican supporters are called, have successfully combined to form a majority in the House of Representatives. This majority has demanded through Congressman Norris of Nebraska a new committee of rules consisting of fifteen members, with "Hamlet" left out. In other words, Speaker Cannon, the autocrat, the czar, the "whole thing", the Hamlet in the play of Congressional procedure, is to all appearances overthrown. At this writing the contest is still on in the House, and before this letter is in print much more will be known than your correspondent can now tell, but to all appearances the insurgents and Democrats have the majority and are determined to reap all there is to this advantage. It is difficult to foretell the important political bearings of this crisis in the House.

The President, it is said, is more than ever anxious with reference to his policies, or the Roosevelt policies, as they are still called. Early in his administration he aligned himself with the regulars and instead of opposing Speaker Cannon as did his predecessor, he announced, and has since emphasized his preference for what is still called the "regular" organization. In other words, he has stood by Cannon, Payne, Dalzell, Tawney and others in the House, and by Aldrich, Hale, Lodge and the eastern clique of Senators. His attitude has more or less estranged the Cummins, Dolliver, La Follette, Beveridge and other not less distinguished and militant group of Senators from the west and northwest.

So intense has been the interest in the House situation that little attention has been given to the Ballinger-Pinchot inquiry. In fact, it has been held up for lack of a quorum. The House members were all required on the floor by the respective factions, and therefore the Ballinger-Pinchot investigation has been temporarily adjourned.

It seems from an announcement in the President's speech at Rochester, New York, that a complete agreement has been reached with France on all tariff differences, and he is expected to sign a proclamation today at Albany giving to France 25 per cent. reduction of rates provided in the tariff law of the extra session. It is stated also that notwithstanding the fact that the situation appears to be hopeless, there is still some prospect of an understanding with the Canadian authorities by which a tariff war may be averted.

Much anxiety is felt in cabinet and political circles in Washington, also in financial quarters, especially in the eastern and northern part of the country, with reference to the Canadian tariff situation. Unless the President shall be able to say by March 31 that there is no discrimination against American goods through Canadian tariffs, there must be, under the provisions of the Payne-Aldrich tariff law, an increase of 25 per cent. in the duties on all goods imported into this country from Canada.

Intelligence from the Dominion of Canada indicates that the Government is determined to add immediately to imports from the United States a surtax equal to one-third of the duties now imposed and also to restrict by further measures our exports. Our trade with our northern neighbor has been and is of great importance. It amounts to about 230 millions of dollars a year. The chief articles of import are cattle, horses, coal, asbestos, chemicals, copper, fish, fur, hides, nickel, spirits, pulp, wood, timber, and wood pulp. The exports from the United States to Canada are over 150 millions yearly, and the chief items are agricultural implements, bread stuffs, carts and carriages, patent medicines, cotton, fruits, electrical appliances, iron, steel, machinery, boots and shoes, writing paper, tin, tobacco, etc.

A tariff war between the two countries will be in every sense deplorable. Nobody in either country will be benefited by it. It will inure only to the benefit of Germany, England, France and other European countries. Germany and Great Britain especially are elated at the prospect of the impending tariff war, and German and British commercial travellers are already on their way to Canada with impressive advertising circulars and samples.

HOUSES, SITES AND FARMS

Persons living in other States, away from Newport and wishing information for themselves or friends regarding Tenements, Houses, furnished and unfurnished, and Farms or Sites for building, can ascertain what they want by writing to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,

132 Bellevue Avenue Newport, R. I.

Mr. Taylor's Agency was established in 1887.

He is a Commissioner of Deeds for the principal States and Notary Public.

Has a Branch Office open all summer in Jamestown, for Summer Villas and Country places.

Deaths.

In this city, 21st inst., Lillian C. V., daughter of Alfred and Emma Dutton, in the 15th year of her age.

In this city, 22d inst., Thomas W. Freeborne, in his 68th year.

In this city, 22d inst., Henry A. Simmons, aged 59 years.

In this city, 23d inst., Mary, wife of James Collins, in the 74th year of her age.

In this city, 24th inst., at his residence, 5 Clinton street, Patrick, son of Mary and the late James Moran, in his 41st year.

In this city, 25th inst., at her residence, 15 Narragansett avenue, Mary James, wife of Thomas Lyons.

In this city, 25th inst., Henry C., son of Samuel W. and Jane G. Hall, aged 11 years, 11 months, 18 days.

In this city, 25th inst., Eliza J., wife of James B. Gordon.

In South Portsmouth, 22d inst., John T. Brown, in the 84th year of his age.

In North Tiverton, 21st inst., Mrs. Onesime Paquin.

At Pasadena, Cal. March 18th inst., Gardner Perry Pond, M. D., son of the Rev. William C. Pond, D. D., in his 42d year.

Mr. Daniel B. Fearing has gone to Long Island.

CITY OF NEWPORT.

An Ordinance appropriating the revenues of the City of Newport for 1910.

It is ordained by the Representative Council of the City of Newport, as follows:

Section 1. So much of the available receipts and income accruing to the City Treasury of said City during the current municipal fiscal year, with the money now in the Treasury, as will provide the sums hereinafter apportioned and appropriated, is hereby apportioned and appropriated for the said municipal fiscal year, for the purposes and subject to the limitations specified in detail, as follows:

1. For State Tax		$30,600 00
2. For Streets and Highways (Specified in detail.)		122,491 67
a. Office and City wharf	$2,200 00	
b. Cleaning streets	28,800 00	
c. Removal of snow and ice	8,500 00	
d. Watering and applying dust-laying substances	13,500 00	
e. Cleaning and repairing sewers, culverts and settling tank	4,200 00	
f. Patching and general repairs to streets and sidewalks	10,000 00	
g. Building, repairing and cleaning catch-basins	4,000 00	
h. Re-surfacing and re-macadamizing of streets	12,000 00	
i. Re-setting curbs, re-laying gutters, driveways, crossings, etc.	5,000 00	
j. Cleaning, repairing, painting, etc., at Easton's Beach, Forty Steps, City Fountains, bridges, piers, floats, sea walls, removing and trimming trees, etc.	1,500 00	
k. Repairs to City Yard Buildings	500 00	
l. New Water tank, near Bailey's Beach	300 00	
m. One horse and one pair horses	750 00	
n. Emergency and miscellaneous incidentals	2,000 00	
UNFINISHED WORK.		
Prairie avenue, macadamize (Catherine to Champlin St.)	700 00	
COLLECTION AND DISPOSAL OF CITY GARBAGE.		
Collection and disposal (Contract)	$5,124 00	
Two men at dump	1,252 00	
Supervision	260 00	
Supplies, etc.	64 00	
SUPPLIES.		
New parts for Steam Road Rollers, Nos. 1 and 2	1,194 50	
New Modern Steam Road Roller	3,000 00	
REPAIRS.		
Van Zandt Avenue Bridge Repairs	400 00	
Van Zandt Avenue Pier Repairs	400 00	
Extermination of Gipsy Moth and Elm Beetle	200 00	
NEW WORK.		
Low Sea Wall, Ocean Avenue, at a point near Graves Point Club House	2,000 00	
Tew's Court Sewer	1,300 00	
Annandale Road, from Merton Road to Dresser Street, curb east side	1,000 00	
Kilburn Court Sewer	300 00	
Wellington Avenue, retaining wall	3,000 00	
Carey Street, build larger sewer from a point about fifty feet from Spring Street, across Thames Street, through Potter Street to Marchant Street sewer	1,650 00	
Malbone Road and Cummings Avenue sewer	5,000 00	
Gibbs Avenue, from Champlin Street to Water Works road, macadamize	600 00	
Middleton Avenue, from Weaver Avenue to Merton road, macadamize	1,050 00	
Gillies Court, grade and macadamize	800 00	
East Bowery Street from Middleton Avenue to Annandale road, macadamize	1,100 00	
Grafton Street, grade, curb and macadamize	3,000 00	
Extension street, from Thames St., west, curb south side, flagwalk on north side and grade and macadamize road bed	1,300 00	
Peckham Avenue sewer, about 300 ft. from Broadway,	800 00	
Fake Street, curb one side, macadamize	600 00	
Hoffman Place, macadamize and sidewalk	400 00	
Chase street, macadamize & flagwalk	500 00	
Ledyard Place, macadamize	1,100 00	
Necessary repairs to Houston avenue	1,000 00	
3. For Public Schools (specified in detail.)		$113,735 00
In addition to all sums received from State appropriation, various funds, tuition and poll taxes,	112,735 00	
For jets and brick work of Calvert, T. L. S. and Thayer,	1,000 00	
4. For Police Department (specified in detail.)		$45,603 25
Salaries	$12,653 25	
Repairs to building, telephone, telegraph, police signal boxes, fuel, light, laundry, ice, medicine, horseshoeing, feeding, harness & repairs veterinary, patrol repairs and wagon painting of patrol wagon, carriage hire, photographing prisoners, feeding prisoners and lodgers, disinfectants, supplies for janitor and stable, police equipments and bicycles, stationery, advertising & incidentals	3,000 00	
5. For Fire Department (specified in detail.)		$32,110 00
Pay rolls and salaries	26,225 00	
Repairs to apparatus	1,000 00	
Repairs to stations, including slating or asbestos roof to buildings at Headquarters	1,500 00	
Lighting stations	350 00	
Coal and wood	1,500 00	
Maintenance of Fire Alarm	200 00	
Horse hire for steamers		
Horse hire, extra, for emergencies	1,500 00	
Horse-shoeing	150 00	
Hay and grain	900 00	
Repairs to harnesses	3,600 00	
Veterinary services	250 00	
Telephones	200 00	
General supplies	225 00	
Laundry work	1,400 00	
Printing and stationery	150 00	
Care of hose	100 00	
Rubber coats	150 00	
Freight and express charges	100 00	
One thousand feet 2½ inch fire hose	25 00	
One horse	800 00	
Wires and cables	900 00	
New fire alarm box to replace box 13	900 00	
New fire alarm box to be placed at or near the corner of Harrison and Carroll avenues	125 00	
New fire alarm box to be placed at or near the corner of Champlin street & Gibbs avenue	125 00	
6. For lighting streets		$37,961 55
Various contracts, installing electric arc light in front of new Y. M. C. A. and six incandescent lights on Harrison avenue. For changing 26 common gas lights on Harrison avenue, Ridge road, Castle Hill avenue and Ocean avenue to Welsbach lights		
7. For salaries (Fixed by Ordinances and Resolutions.)		$42,195 00
8. For City Asylum (for Maintenance.)		6,000 00
9. For Paupers and Vagrants (For disbursements, etc.)		8,500 00
10. For Public Buildings (specified in detail.)		8,166 64
a. Cleaning City Hall	$11 64	
b. Keepers of Piers	480 00	
c. Lighting City Hall	600 00	
d. Ice	75 00	
e. Coal and wood	800 00	
f. Incidentals	500 00	
g. Typewriter, City Clerk's office	100 00	
h. Typewriter, Tax Collector's office	100 00	
11. For Public Parks (specified in detail.)		6,500 00
Contract, care of parks, burial grounds and bath houses	3,200 00	
Salary of Clerk	100 00	
Band Concerts	1,000 00	
Incidentals	2,200 00	
12. For Books, Stationery and Printing (City Documents, City Manuals, Municipal Printing and Advertising, books, stationery, stamps, etc.)		4,700 00
13. For Water supply (For contract with Newport Water Works)		10,000 00
14. For health department (specified in detail.)		14,682 00
a. Collection of swill (contract)	6,229 00	
b. Disposal of swill (contract)	8,000 00	
c. Bacteriologist and physician to the Board (Bacteriologist and physician as School Inspector)	1,200 00	
d. Medical inspection of schools	1,200 00	
e. Antitoxin	1,200 00	
f. Stationery and Printing	240 00	
g. Collection of dead animals	45 00	
h. Fumigations	300 00	
i. Laboratory supplies (including culture tubes)	300 00	
j. Telephones	45 00	
k. Repairs (repairs to scow and brow, hawser, rigging and ropes	400 00	
l. Carriage	100 00	
m. Carriage hire	75 00	
n. Miscellaneous (including typewriter supplies, filing cabinets, hose, removal of rubbish from shores, tongue depressors, postage, advertising, expressage, carfares, telegrams and sundries)	253 00	
15. For Newport Hospital for the Newport sick (For contract with the Newport Hospital)		1,000 00
16. For Newport Hospital for care of incurable tuberculosis cases (For contract with the Newport Hospital for the term of one year)		4,000 00
17. For burial grounds (specified in detail.)		750 00
a. Superintendent	600 00	
b. Incidentals and repairs	150 00	
18. For ward meetings		3,500 00
19. For sinking funds		17,879 00
20. For coupons		48,110 00
21. For incidentals		5,000 00
22. For interest on notes		7,525 00
23. For payment of notes		21,200 00
24. For land and other damages		6,000 00
25. For indexing and preservation of records		600 00
26. For Fourth of July (Celebration of 135th anniversary of American Independence)		1,000 00
27. For municipal accounts		1,600 00
		$261,573 81

Sec. 2. The appropriations heretofore made by Ordinance passed January 8, 1910, are included in the above appropriations, and so much of said appropriations as has already been paid out by virtue of said Ordinance is to be deducted from the appropriations made by Section 1 hereof.

Sec. 3. All boards, commissions or officers who have approved bills which have been paid from the appropriations made by Ordinance passed January 4, 1910, shall immediately, upon the passage of this Ordinance notify the City Treasurer to which specific appropriation said bills should be charged and enter such charge on their books accordingly.

Sec. 4. No City Officer nor Committee shall incur any liability against the City, or make or cause any expenditure or payment out of the funds of the City beyond or in excess of any appropriation hereinbefore ordered, unless such liability, expenditure or payment shall be occasioned by the laws of the State, or be specially authorized by vote of the Representative Council, in conformity to the provisions of the Ordinance relating to annual appropriations.

Sec. 5. No sum appropriated for a specific purpose shall be expended for any other purpose, unless otherwise specially authorized by vote of the Representative Council. No expenditure shall be made nor liability incurred by or in behalf of the City until an appropriation has been duly voted by the Representative Council sufficient to meet such expenditure or liability, together with all unpaid liabilities which are payable out of such appropriation.

Sec. 6. This Ordinance shall take effect upon its passage.

(Passed March 9, 1910.)

A true copy. Witness,
F. N. FULLERTON,
City Clerk.

3-26-3w

"What do you suppose, Algernon," the young thing asked, "is the reason the ocean is salty?"

"I am sure I don't know," drawled Algy, "unless it is because there are so many codfish in it."—Success Magazine.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's

Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Brent Good

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION

GENUINE MUST HAVE SIGNATURE

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Carr's List.

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By Gen. J. P. Farley, U. S. A.
The Danger Trail. By Curwood.
An Interrupted Friendship.
By Voynich.
A Son of the Immortals,
By Louis Tracy.
The Fascinating Mrs. Halton,
By E. F. Benson.
Hopalong Cassidy, By C. E. Mulford.
White Magic.
By David Graham Phillips.
An Admiral's Log,
By Robley D. Evans.
Thurston of Orchard Valley,
By Harold Bindloss.

DAILY NEWS BUILDING.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

State Board of Public Roads.

Notice to Automobilists.

The State Board of Public Roads will be at the Court House, Newport, R. I., every Thursday, beginning May 27th, 1909, for the purpose of registering Automobiles, and issuing Operators' Licenses from 10.00 a. m. to 4.00 p. m.

6-22-1(

JUST PUBLISHED

Webster's NEW INTERNATIONAL Dictionary, (G. & C. Merriam Co.; Springfield, Mass.) surpasses the old International as much as that book exceeded its predecessor. On the old foundation a new superstructure has been built. The reconstruction has been carried on through many years by a large force of trained workers, under the supervision of Dr. W. T. Harris, former United States Commissioner of Education, and reinforced by many eminent specialists. The definitions have been rearranged and amplified. The number of terms defined has been more than doubled. The etymology, synonyms, pronunciation, have received unsparing scholarly labor. The language of English literature for over seven centuries, the terminology of the arts and sciences, and the every-day speech of street, shop, and household, are presented with fullness and clearness. In size of vocabulary, in richness of general information, and in convenience of consultation, the book sets a new mark in lexicography.

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214 Thames Street.

CITIZENS JOIN IN MAN HUNT

Thrilling Chase of Desperado in Streets of Malden

LEADS IN A TWO-MILE STUNT

Snatches Satchel Containing Large Sum of Money From Insurance Agent—Latter Raises Alarm and Crowd Starts in Pursuit—Nervy Policeman Lands His Man After Hand-to-Hand Struggle in a Barn

Malden, Mass., March 25.—A bandit appeared upon the busiest street of Malden yesterday afternoon, held up an insurance agent, wrenched from him a satchel containing $3600 in cash, stood off his pursuers at the point of a revolver, and led a crowd of 200 men a two-mile chase through the city.

Automobiles, private carriages and wagons of every description were pressed into service by the pursuers, and tore through the narrow streets and around the sharp corners on the bandit's path, only to be halted and turned back again and again by his levelled revolver and chilly eye.

Down back alleys, across broken ground, over eight-foot fences, in and out of coal pockets, across trestles and swamp land the chase led.

It was 2:45 o'clock when John T. Bruce, an agent of the Metropolitan Life Insurance company, started from the offices of the company on Pleasant street for the First National bank. With him was Miss Edna Kaulback, the bookkeeper of the Malden office of the company. Bruce was with Miss Kaulback because she was carrying a satchel containing money for deposit in the bank.

As the pair left the Auditorium building, Bruce was carrying the satchel containing the money. He held it under his left arm. His right arm was raised, so that the satchel was protected from the front side. They crossed the street immediately.

They had not walked ten steps after crossing the street, when Bruce felt the satchel slip. Miss Kaulback was on the inside; Bruce was on the outside. The satchel was under his outside arm.

When Bruce felt the satchel slip he tightened his grip on it. Then he felt a tug on it. He turned to see what the trouble was and the satchel was jerked from his grasp.

Bruce yelled: "Thief, thief!" and gave chase. Patrolmen Costello and Long joined the chase. Other policemen came after them. Citizens joined in the chase and the pursuers increased till a great crowd was hot foot after the robber.

The latter ran desperately down Middlesex street, dodged around into Charles street, shot in the upper gate of the health department yard, in among the swill carts, out the lower gate and across Charles street. He was minus the bag, but the mob did not notice this just then.

Through the gas works yard the fugitive took to the Boston and Maine tracks, sprinted across the Charles street railroad trestle three ties at a jump, and turned into Chester street. From there he dashed up Biltmore street to Pleasant street. Down Pleasant street he went at full tilt. Finally he reached the Bradley estate, the stable of which is placed well back from the street.

Into this estate the thief plunged. He ripped open the door of the stable and the crowd came up slowly and gathered silently around the door. Then Officer Costello dashed up in an automobile. He jumped out and walked to the door of the stable. The thief could be seen behind the door of the harness room. His head and his right arm and shoulder protruded. In his hand was his revolver, pointed straight at the crowd. Costello looked at him for a moment. Then he walked slowly into the stable alone.

"You'd better not put up a fight, my man," he said. "You've got sense and I've got sense, and you don't want to sit in the electric chair. Let's wind this up now."

The thief shook his head, but all the time Costello was drawing nearer and nearer to him. Suddenly, with a bound, he went for him and pinioned his revolver hand, bending back his wrist until he dropped his revolver. At the same time Costello dropped his own revolver.

Then the two men went down in a heap, for the thief didn't want to give in. Officer Long was there, however, and he and Costello soon had the man under control. They piled into an automobile and, followed by a cheering procession of man-hunters, paraded to the police station.

While he was being taken to the station word came that the bag and all the money had been found in the back end of one of the carts in the health department yard. The bag was on a mass of garbage intact. The prisoner is charged with robbery.

Salome Dancer Found Guilty

Boston, March 22.—Jeanne Pelletreau, the Salome dancer, was found guilty of giving improper dances by a jury which returned its verdict in the superior criminal court. She was sent to the Sherborn prison for women for an indefinite period.

Forty-Four Killed In Train Wreck

Marshalltown, Ia., March 22.—Forty-four persons were killed and almost as many more were injured in the wreck at Green Mountain of two Rock Island trains running over the Chicago and Great Western tracks from Cedar Rapids to Waterloo. Several of the injured may die.

BOTH PLEAD NOT GUILTY

Coleman and Lockhart Arraigned and Released When Bail Is Renewed

Boston, March 24.—George W. Coleman and his chum, Wilson W. Lockhart, pleaded not guilty when arraigned in the United States circuit court to four indictments which were returned against each of them in connection with the looting of the National City bank of Cambridge, of which Coleman was the bookkeeper and Lockhart the substitute.

Mrs. Lucy Lockhart renewed her surety of $15,000 bail for Lockhart, whose father is employed by her as a gardener. Coleman's father and uncle renewed their surety of $50,000 for Coleman.

An investigation by the Washington officials completed yesterday shows Coleman's shortage is $250,000 instead of $160,000.

TO BASE WRECK OF MAINE

Hull Will Also Be Examined If Senate Approves House Bill

Washington, March 24.—The hulk of the ill-fated battleship Maine, sunk in the harbor of Havana, will be raised so that the remains of any of the sailors that may be within the wreck may be recovered.

An examination will also be made to determine if possible the manner in which the vessel was destroyed, if the senate approves a bill passed by the house yesterday afternoon.

The remains of sailors that may be recovered will be interred in Arlington cemetery. The mast of the Maine will be erected in the cemetery near the graves of the Maine dead.

REGENT ASSUMES GOVERNMENT REINS

King of Abyssinia Is Reported to Be at Death's Door

Addis Ababa, Abyssinia, March 25.—Ras Tassamma, the regent, with the approval of the principal chiefs, has taken over the reins of government. The regent is the guardian of Prince Lyg Eyassu, grandson of the king and heir to the throne of Abyssinia.

King Menelik is said to be dying. In accordance with the decision of the chiefs Empress Taitou is to be deprived of all power of interference in the affairs of state. All of her appointments made among her favorites have been annulled. At present she appears to be resigned to the enforced renunciation of the power heretofore wielded. The capital is tranquil and the safety of foreigners is assured.

"DAMN" NOT A SWEAR WORD

Accused Man Acquitted, Thus Escaping Possible Fine of Fifty Cents

Morristown, N. J., March 24.—"Damn" is not one of the swear words prohibited by the New Jersey vice and immorality act, according to the judgment of Morris county jurymen, who so decided in the case of Surrogate David Young, accused by Mrs. Nellie Fitzherbert. He was acquitted. If the surrogate had been found guilty he would have been subject to a fine of 50 cents.

Mrs. Fitzherbert alleged that while she was in Young's office he told her that she "talked like a damn fool."

PENSIONS OF $5000 A YEAR

Favored For President's Widows but Not For "Ex-Presidents"

Washington, March 22.—The senate committee on pensions agreed to report favorably bills to grant pensions of $5000 a year to Frances F. Cleveland, widow of ex-President Cleveland, and Mary L. Harrison, widow of ex-President Harrison.

At the same time the committee declined to report a bill which would place ex-President Roosevelt on the retired list as commander-in-chief of the army and navy, and give him $10,000 a year for the remainder of his life. The bill does not mention Roosevelt specifically by name, but applies to "ex-Presidents of the United States." At the same time it could not affect anyone except Roosevelt at the present date.

A QUESTION OF ENDURANCE

Deadlock Between Striking Trolleymen and Rapid Transit Company

Philadelphia, March 25.—With the abandonment of the state strike policy by the State Federation of Labor and the returning of men to work, breaking the sympathy strike, the battle between the car men and the Philadelphia Rapid Transit company has settled down into a question of endurance.

Mediation between the company and the striking trolleymen has been halted by the firm stand of the union leaders for further concessions.

Lawyer Dies In Jail

Boston, March 21.—John H. Ponce was suddenly stricken with illness while calling on a client at the Charles street jail late yesterday afternoon and died before medical attendance arrived. Ponce was 52 years old.

Clear Field For Hobson

Birmingham, Ala., March 25.—T. C. Davis has withdrawn from the race for congress in the Sixth district, leaving no opposition to Richmond P. Hobson, who is a candidate for reelection.

Dollar a Day For Veterans

Washington, March 25.—One dollar a day for all old soldiers incapacitated in the service is provided in a bill reported favorably from the house committee on military affairs.

LEGISLATION IS IN BACKGROUND

Washington Dazed by Recent Important Political Events

FOSS' ELECTION CAPS CLIMAX

Pinchot's Departure For Europe to Confer With Roosevelt Also Adds to List of Shocks Experienced by Republican Leaders—Striving to Gather Strength as Shade of Former President Looms Larger Than Ever

Washington, March 24.—The politicians here are dazed by the rapidity with which events of high political import are succeeding each other. Legislation is forgotten and for the moment Washington is boiling with excited discussion.

From the series of repeated shocks which the Republican leaders have suffered, capped by the election to congress of Eugene N. Foss on a Democratic ticket in the largest Republican district in Massachusetts, a situation of political panic has developed. The more important of recent political developments may be summarized as follows:

First, Speaker Cannon shorn of his power by a combination of insurgent Republicans and Democrats.

Second, Theodore Roosevelt, confused by the reports that reached him at Khartoum as to political conditions at home, cables Gifford Pinchot, the deposed United States forester, to meet him in southern Europe. Pinchot goes.

Third, Eugene N. Foss, an insurgent Republican running for congress in the Fourteenth Massachusetts district as a Democrat, reverses a Republican plurality of over 5000.

Fourth, President Taft in his travels continues to laud the new tariff law.

Fifth, at a banquet at Providence, President Taft extolled the virtues of Nelson W. Aldrich, the leader of the senate, and Aldrich in turn praised the president.

Sixth, Announcement is made that James R. Garfield, who was secretary of the interior under Roosevelt, will not be a candidate for the Republican nomination for governor of Ohio because he is not in sympathy with the Taft administration and will soon make a speech in Ohio criticising it.

Seventh, The regulars in the senate bow to the will of the opposition and permit an important bill which they said should go to the committee on foreign relations to go to the new committee on conservation.

Of the developments of the last two days, the departure of Pinchot to Europe to meet Roosevelt and the election of Foss by such an overwhelming plurality, it will be difficult to say which is attracting the more attention here at the capitol.

It cannot be questioned that the Republican leaders realize they must do everything possible to put their house in order. The political situation has been a matter of constant discussion among the individuals of the Taft cabinet, and it can be said upon authority that the administration is gathering to itself all the strength it can muster. The shade of Roosevelt looms larger than ever and the advancing shadow is taken to point the path for President Taft and his advisers to follow. In other words, the administration is preparing a definite plan with which to convince the country that it is doing all it can to embody the Roosevelt policies in law.

TWO BALLOTS TAKEN

Republicans Choose Six Regulars For House Rules Committee

Washington, March 24.—With only the friendliest sort of rivalry, but with a keen interest, the Republican caucus last night selected the six members of the rules committee apportioned to the Republican majority in the house. The following, all members of the "regular" wing of the party, were chosen:

Smith of Iowa, 168 votes; Dalzell of Pennsylvania, 146; Lawrence of Massachusetts, 126; Fassett of New York, 113; Smith of California, 135; Boutell of Illinois, 103.

Two ballots were taken, the four first named receiving a majority of the votes cast on the first ballot.

CHAMP CLARK HEADS LIST

Fitzgerald Also Elected Minority Member of Rules Committee

Washington, March 25.—The Democratic members of the house last night elected the four minority members of the enlarged rules committee, as follows:

Champ Clark, Missouri, 125 votes; Oscar Underwood, Alabama, 102 votes; Lincoln Dixon, Indiana, 99 votes; John J. Fitzgerald, New York, 98 votes.

The expected opposition to Fitzgerald, because of his attitude on the rules question at the beginning of the present congress, when he, with twenty-three other Democrats, left the leadership of Clark and voted with the Republicans, appeared early in meeting, but failed of any definite result.

Actress Earle In Distress

New York, March 25.—Virginia Earle, a decade ago the brightest star on Broadway, is at a local hospital. She was taken from her shabbily furnished flat, where she had been found in an unconscious condition. Miss Earle has had no work this season.

THE RUSSELL WILL CASE

Hearing Finished After More Than Hundred Days of Testimony

Cambridge, Mass., March 25.—The famous Russell will case has come to an end after 116 days of actual hearings. The hearing opened just 187 days ago.

Attorney Nason for William C. Russell will make his final argument to the court on April 4. On the following day Attorney Simpson will argue for the claimant, Daniel B. Russell, and then Judge Lawton will take the case under advisement. A decision may be expected some time in May.

Following is a summary of facts concerning the contest:

The contestants—"Daniel B. Russell" of Medura, N. D., alleged to be "James D. Rousseau," claimant; William C. Russell and Ferdinand B. Almy of Melrose, executors of Daniel Russell's will, respondents; the stake, $500,000; lawyers in case, 7; witnesses heard, 217; exhibits introduced, 342; experts (medical, chemists, handwriting), 9; cost of contest (estimated), $171,086; testimony taken, 3,378,800 words; stenographic record, 115 volumes, 11,362 pages.

STONE THROWING BY MOB

Checked by Guards at Paper Plant Using Their Revolvers

Livermore Falls, Me., March 25.—Angered because of the arrival of additional strike breakers at the International Paper company's works here, 200 strike sympathizers made an attack on the men guarding the works last evening.

There was a good deal of stone throwing by the mob, and the guards were forced to discharge their revolvers over the heads of the disturbers to drive them back.

No one was injured seriously, though a few of the strike sympathizers suffered from bruises from stones thrown by men of their own side.

SENATE DEMANDED EXPERT MASSEUR

Two Assistants Also Provided For In Legislative Bill

Washington, March 25.—Perhaps the most unusual feature of the amendments which the senate has made to the house legislative appropriation bill was the authorization of the employment of an attendant in charge of the luxurious bathrooms in the senate office building, "who shall be a professional masseur."

For the new employe of the senate the bill contained an appropriation of $1800. But the senate committee did not stop with the masseur. That there might be nothing overlooked in the way of comforts in the bathrooms the committee also authorized the employment of two attendants at $720 each a year. The amendment was defeated.

Coats Mills Running Again

Pawtucket, R. I., March 22.—Having withdrawn their requests for an increase in wages, the 800 striking back boys and doffers at the thread mills of J. & P. Coats, Limited, terminated a strike of nearly two months by returning to work and making possible employment for the remainder of the 2600 operatives.

CUTICURA CURED HIS SORE EYES

When 63 Years Old Eye-Balls and Lids Became Terribly Inflamed—Was Unable to Go About—Home Remedies and Professional Treatment were Equally Unsuccessful.

TOOK FRIEND'S ADVICE: HAS NO MORE TROUBLE

"About two years ago my eyes got in such a condition that I was unable to go about. They were terribly inflamed, both the balls and lids. I tried home remedies without relief. Then I decided to go to our family physician, but he didn't help them. Then I tried two more of our most prominent physicians, but my eyes grew continually worse. At this time a friend of mine advised me to try Cuticura Ointment, and after using it about one week my eyes were considerably improved and in two weeks they were almost well. They have never given me any trouble since. I was then sixty-three years old and am now sixty-five. I shall never fail to speak a word of praise for the Cuticura Remedies when I have an opportunity, and I trust that this letter may be the means of others being cured as I have been. G. B. Halsey, Mouth of Wilson, Grayson Co., Va., Apr. 4, 1908."

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And other itching, burning, bleeding, scaly and crusted skin and scalp humors are instantly relieved, and speedily cured, in the majority of cases, by warm baths with Cuticura Soap, to cleanse the skin, gentle anointings with Cuticura Ointment, purest and sweetest of emollients, to soothe and heal the skin, and mild doses of Cuticura Resolvent (liquid or pills), to purify the blood. Guaranteed absolutely pure and may be used from the hour of birth.

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Mailed Free, Cuticura Book on Skin Diseases.

CONDENSED STATEMENT

—OF THE—

Newport Trust Company,

As made to the Bank Commissioner January 31, 1910.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and Investments	$1,311,463 73
Banking House & Safe Deposit Vaults	169,000 00
Due from Reserve Banks	82,171 95
Due from Other Banks	4,032 34
Due from Treasurer of the U. S.	5,000 00
Cash	91,497 18
	$1,663,165 20
LIABILITIES.	
Capital Stock	$300,000 00
Surplus and Profits	123,975 05
Deposits	1,239,190 15
	$1,663,165 20

ANGUS McLEOD, President.
THOMAS P. PECKHAM, Vice President.
EDWARD A. SHERMAN, Treasurer.

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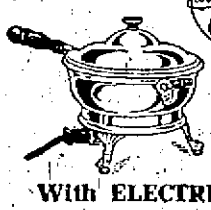

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With ELECTRICITY you insert the plug and turn the switch.

When this is done you can devote all your attention to the recipe.

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SCIENTIFIC REFRACTIONIST

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Dispensing Optician.

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Children's Eyes a Specialty.

If you have blurring vision, smarting eyes, if your head aches a great deal of the time have it attended to at once by a competent man. The prescriptions that were on file at Heath & Co.'s are now on file at my office. Fine optical repairing of all kinds. Oculist' prescriptions given personal attention.

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1-27 8:30 a. m.—8:30 p. m.

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F. H. WISWELL, Proprietor.

"So she sued him for breach of promise?" "Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "I'm afraid the get-rich-quick spirit is becoming very general. People don't seem willing to wait for alimony."—Washington Star.

"Have you heard that poor Firmin is dead?" "No. He wasn't ill long, surely." "Ah, you see, medicine has made great progress lately."—Bon Vivant.

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Tales For a Winter Evening

The Antiquers

From the "Old Home House"

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

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WE'VE all got a crazy streak in us somewheres, I cal'late, only the streaks don't all break out in the same place, which is a mercy when you come to think of it. I take summer boarders maybe, and you collect postage stamps. Oh, we're all looney, more or less, every one of us.

Speaking of collecting reminds me of the "Antiquers"—that's what Peter T. Brown called 'em. They put up at the Old Home House summer before last, and at a crank show they'd have tied for the blue ribbon.

The dowager fetched port first. She hove alongside the Old Home one morning early in July, and she had "my daughter" in tow. The names as entered on the shipping list was Mrs Milo Patrick Thompson and Miss Barbara Millicent Thompson, but Peter T. Brown he had 'em re-entered as "the dowager" and "my daughter" almost as soon as they dropped anchor. Thompson himself came poking up to the dock on the following Saturday night. Peter didn't christen him, except to chuck out something about Milo's being an "also ran."

The dowager was skipper of the Thompson craft, with "my daughter" (that's what her ma always called her) as first mate and Milo as general roustabout and purser.

'Twould have done you good to see the fleet run into the breakfast room of a morning, with the dowager leading in under full sail, Barbara close up to her starboard quarter and Milo tailing out a couple of lengths astern. The other boarders looked like quahaug dories abreast of the Marblehead Yacht club. Oh, the Thompsons won every cup until the Smalls arrived on a Monday. Then 'twas a dead heat.

Mamma Small was built on the lines of old Lady Thompson, only more so, and her daughter flew pretty nigh as many pennants as Barbara. Peter T. had 'em labeled the "duchess" and "Irene dear" in a jiffy. He didn't nickname Small any more'n he had Thompson and for the same reasons. Me and Cap'n Jonadab called Small "Eddie" behind his back 'count of his wife's hailing him as "Edwin."

In a week the four women was thicker than hasty pudding and had thrones on the piazza, where they could patronize everybody short of the Creator and criticise the other boarders. Milo and Eddie got friendly, too, and found a harbor behind the barn where they could smoke and swap sympathy.

'Twas fair weather for pretty near a fortnit, and then she thickened up. The special brand of craziness in Wellmouth that season was collecting "antiques," the same being busted chairs and invalid bureaus and sofys that your great-grandmarm got ashamed of and sent to the sick bay a thousand year ago. Oh, yes, and dishes! If there was one thing that would drive a city woman to counting her flugers and cutting paper dolls 'twas a nicked blue plate with a Chinese picture on it.

One noon the dowager sails into the dining room and unfurls a brown paper bundle.

"I've captured a prize, my dear," says she to the duchess—"a veritable prize. Just look!"

And she dives under the brown paper hatches and resurrects a pink plate suffering from yaller jaundice, with the picture of a pink boy wearing curls and a monkey jacket holding hands with a pink girl with pointed feet.

"Ain't it perfectly lovely?" says she, waving the outrage in front of the duchess. "A genuwine Hall nappy! And in such condition! If you knew how I've planned and contrived to get this treasure. I've schemed— My, my! My daughter says she's actually ashamed of me. Oh, no! I can't tell even you where I got it. All's fair in love and collecting, you know, and there are more gems where this came from."

She laughed, and "my daughter" laughed, and the duchess and "Irene dear" laughed, too, and said the plate was "so quaint" and all that, but you could fairly hear 'em turn green with jealousy.

And sure enough, in a couple of days they bore down on the Thompsons, all sail set and colors flying. They had a pair of plates that for ugliness and price knocked the "genuwine Hall nappy" higher 'n the main truck. And the way they crowed and bragged about their "finds" wa'n't fit to put in the log. The dowager and "my daughter" left that dinner table trembling all over.

Well, you can see how a v'yage would end that commenced that way. The dowager and Barbara would scour the neighborhood and capture more prizes, and the duchess and her tribe would get busy and go 'em one better. There was a chill setting in round them piazza thrones, and some of the sarcastic remarks that was casually hove out by the bosom friends was pretty nigh sharp enough to shave with. As for Milo and Eddie, they still smoked together behind the barn, but the atmosphere on the quarterdeck was affecting the fo'castle, and there wa'n't quite so many "old mans" and "dear boys" as there used to was.

The spell of weather developed sudden. One evening me and Cap'n Jonadab and Peter T. was having a confab by the steps of the billiard room when Milo beats up from around the corner. He was smiling as a basket of chips.

"Hello!" hails Peter T., cordial. "You look as if you'd had money left you. Any one else remembered in the will?" he says.

"No," says Milo, laughing. "Nothing like that. But I have got hold of that antique davenport Mrs. T.'s been dying to capture."

One of the boarders at the hotel over to Harniss had been out "antiquing" a week or so afore and had bagged a contraption which answered to the name of a "genuwine Sheraton davenport." The dowager heard of it, and ever since she'd wished she was lucky enough to have that kind of a man; but, no, she had to depend on herself, and etcetery and so forth. Maybe you've heard sermons similar.

So we was glad for Milo and said so. Likewise we wanted to know where he found the davenport.

"Why, up here in the woods," says Milo, "at the house of a queer old stick, name of Rogers. I forget his front name—'twas longer 'n the davenport."

"Not Adoniram Rogers?" says Cap'n Jonadab, wonderfug.

"That's him," says Thompson.

Now, I knew Adoniram Rogers. His house was old enough, Lord knows, but that a feller with a nose for a bar-

"Well," says Small, "what do you think of it?"

gain like his should have hung on to a salable piece of dunnage so long as this seemed most too tough to believe.

"Well, I swan to man!" says I. "Adoniram Rogers! Have you seen the—the davenport thing?"

"Sure, I've seen it!" says Milo. "I ain't much of a judge, but it's an old davenport, and it's got Sheraton lines, and I've got the refusal of it till tomorrow, when Mrs. T.'s going up to inspect."

"Told Small yet?" asked Peter T., winking on the side to me and Jonadab.

Milo looked scared. "Goodness, no!" says he. "And don't you tell him neither. His wife's davenport hunting too."

His tops'ls hadn't much more 'n sunk in the offing afore who should walk out of the billiard room behind us but Eddie Small.

"Brown," says he to Peter T., "I want you to have a horse and buggy harnessed up for me right off. Mrs. Small and I are going for a little drive to—to—over to Orham," he says.

'Twas a mean, black night for a drive as far as Orham, and Peter looked surprised. He started to say something, then swallered it down and told Eddie he'd see to the harnessing. When Small was out of sight, I says:

"You don't cal'late he heard what Milo was telling, do you, Peter?" says I.

Peter T. shook his head and winked, first at Jonadab and then at me.

And the next day there was the dickens to pay because Eddie and the duchess had driven up to Rogers' the night afore and had bought the davenport, refusal and all, for $20 more 'n Milo offered for it.

'Twan't nothing but a ratty old cripple of a sofy, with one leg carried away and most of the canvas in ribbons, but four men lugged it up the steps, and the careful way they handled it made you think the Old Home House was a receiving tomb and they was laying to the dear departed.

'Twas set down on the piazza, and then the friends had a chance to view the remains. The duchess and "Irene dear" gurgled and gushed and received congratulations. The dowager sailed over, tilted her nose up to the foretop, remarked "Humph!" through it and come about and stood at the other end of the porch. "My daughter" follers in her wake, observes "Humph!" likewise and makes for blue water. Milo comes over and looks at Eddie.

"Well," says Small, "what do you think of it?"

"Never mind what I think of it," answers Thompson through his teeth. "Shall I tell you what I think of you?"

And after that the cold around the thrones was so fierce we had to move the thermometer, and we had to give the families separate tables in the dining room so's the milk wouldn't freeze. You see, the pitcher set right between 'em, and— Oh! I didn't expect you'd believe it.

The "antiquing" went on harder than ever. Every time the Thompsons landed a relic they'd bring it out on the veranda or in to dinner and gloat over it loud and pointed, while the Smalls would pipe all hands to unload sarcasm, and the same viey verey when 'twas t'other way about. 'Twas interesting and instructive to listen to and amused the populace on rainy days, so Peter T. said.

Adoniram Rogers had been mighty scarce around the Old Home sense the davenport deal. But one morning he showed up unexpected. A boarder had dug up an antique somewheres in the shape of a derelict plate and was displaying it proud on the piazza.

Adoniram grunted. "Huh!" says he. "Tain't nothing but a blue dish. I've got a whole closet full of them."

"What?" yells everybody, and then "Will you sell 'em?"

"Sell 'em," says Rogers, looking round surprised. "Why, I never see nothing I wouldn't sell if I got money enough for it."

Everybody wanted to get Adoniram one side and talk with him, and everybody else was determined they should not. Wherever he moved the "antiquers" moved with him. Rogers got scared.

"Look here," says he, starting sort of wild like at the boarders. "What ails you folks? Are you crazy?"

Well, he might have made a good deal worse guess than that. I don't know how 'twould have ended if Peter T. Brown, cool and sassy as ever, hadn't come on deck just then and took command.

"See here, Rogers," he says; "let's understand this thing. Have you got a set of dishes like that?"

Adoniram looked at him. "Will I get jailed if I say yes?" he answers.

"Maybe you will if you don't," says Peter. "Now, then, ladies and gentlemen, this is something we're all interested in, and I think everybody ought to have a fair show. Rogers will bring those dishes down here tomorrer, and we'll put 'em on exhibition in the hotel parlor. Next day we'll have an auction and sell 'em to the highest cash bidder. And, provided there's no objection, I'll sacrifice my reputation and be auctioneer."

So 'twas agreed to have the auction.

Next day Adoniram heaves alongside with the dishes in a truck wagon, and they was strung out on the tables in the parlor. And such a pawing over and gabbling you never heard. The "antiquers" handled 'em and admired 'em and p'inted to the three holes in the back of each dish, the same being proof of age, and got more covetous every minute. But the joy was limited.

Milo and Eddie was the most worried of all, because each of 'em had been commissioned by their commanding officers not to let t'other family win.

That auction was the biggest thing that ever happened at the Old Home. We had it on the lawn out back of the billiard room, and folks came from Harniss and Orham and the land knows where. The sheds and barn was filled with carriages, and we served thirty-two extra dinners at a dollar a feed. The dishes was piled on a table, and Peter T. done his auctioneer preaching from a kind of pulpit made out of two cracker boxes and a tea chest.

But there wa'n't any real bidding except from the Smalls and Thompsons. A few of the boarders and some of the out of towners took a shy long at first, but their bids was only ground bait. Milo and Eddie, backed by the dowager and the duchess, done the real fishing.

The price went up and up. Peter T. whooped and pounded and all but shed tears. If he'd been burying a competition hotel keeper he couldn't have hove more soul into his work. "Twas, "Fifty! Do I hear sixty? Sixty do I hear? Fifty dollars! Think of it! Why, friends, this ain't a church pound party. Look at them dishes! Look at 'em! Why, the plafeathers on those blue dicky birds in the corners are worth more 'n that for mattress stuffing. Do I hear sixty? Sixty I'm bid. Who says seventy?"

Milo said it, and Eddie was back at him afore he could shake the reefs out of the last syllable. She went up to a hundred, then to one hundred and thirty-two, and with every false Adoniram Rogers' smile lengthened out.

And just then two things happened. One was that a servant girl come running from the Old Home House to tell the duchess and "Irene dear" that some swell friends of theirs from the hotel at Harniss had driven over to call and was waiting for 'em in the parlor. The female Smalls went in, though they wa'n't joyful over it. They give Eddie his sailing orders afore they went too.

The other thing that happened was Bill Saltmarsh's arriving in port. Bill is an "antiquer" for revenue only. He runs an antique store over at Ostable, and the prices he charges are enough to convict him without hearing the evidence. I knew he'd come.

Saltmarsh nods to Peter T. and picks up one of the plates. He looks at it first rather casual, then more and more careful, turning it over and taking up another.

"Hold on a minute, Brown," says he. "Are these the dishes you're selling?"

"Sure thing," comes back Peter. "Think we're serving free lunch? No, sir! Those are the genuine articles, Mr. Saltmarsh, and you're cheating the widders and orphans if you don't put in a bid quick. One thirty-two fifty. I'm bid. Now, Saltmarsh!"

But Bill only laughed. Then he picks up another plate, looks at it and laughs again.

"Good day, Brown," says he. "Sorry I can't stop." And off he puts toward his horse and buggy.

Eddie Small was watching him. Milo, being on the other side of the pulpit, hadn't noticed so partic'lar.

"Who's that?" asks Eddie, suspicious. "Does he know antiques?"

I remarked that if Bill didn't then nobody did.

"Look here, Saltmarsh!" says Small, catching Bill by the arm as he shoved through the crowd.

"What's the matter with those dishes—anything?"

Bill turned and looked at him. "Why, no," he says slow. "They're all right—of their kind."

But Eddie wa'n't satisfied. He turns to me. "By George!" he says. "What is it? Does he think they're fakes?"

"One hundred and thirty-three!" hollers Peter, fetching the tea chest a belt. "One thirty-four do I hear? Make it one thirty-three fifty! Fifty cents do I hear? Come, come! This is highway robbery, gentlemen! Mr. Small—where are you?"

But Eddie was talking to Saltmarsh. In a minute back he comes, looking more worried than ever.

"One thirty-three!" hollers Peter. "One thirty-three! Oh, how can I look my grandmother's picture in the face after this? One thirty-three—once! One thirty-three—twice! Third and last call! One—thirty"—

Then Eddie begin to raise his hand, but 'twas too late.

"One thirty-three, and sold to Mr. Milo Thompson for $133!"

And just then come a shriek from

Around the corner comes Adoniram Rogers

the piazza; the duchess and "Irene dear" had come out of the parlor.

Well! Talk about crowing! The way that Thompson crowd rubbed it in on the Smalls was enough to make you leave the dinner table.

As for poor Eddie, when he come up to explain why he hadn't kept on bidding his wife put him out like he was a tin lamp.

"Don't speak to me!" says she. "Don't you dare speak to me!"

He didn't dare. He just run up a storm sail and beat for harbor back of the barn. And from the piazza Milo cackled vainglorious.

Me and Cap'n Jonadab and Peter T. felt so sorry for Eddie, knowing what he had coming to him from the duchess, that we went out to see him. He was setting on a wrecked hencoop, looking heart broke, but puzzled.

"'Twas that Saltmarsh made me lose my nerve," he says. "I thought when he wouldn't bid there was something wrong with the dishes. And there was something wrong too. I b'lieve yet he thought they were imitations. Oh, if they only were!"

And then, lo and behold you, around the corner comes Adoniram Rogers. I'd have bet large that whatever conscience Adoniram was born with had dried up and blown away years ago. But, no; he'd resurrected a remnant.

"Mr. Small," stammered Mr. Rogers, "I'm sorry you feel bad about not buying them dishes. I—I thought I'd ought to tell you—that is to say, I— Well, if you want another set I cal'late I can get it for you—that is, if you won't tell nobody."

"Another set?" hollers Eddie, wide eyed. "Anoth— Do you mean to say you've got more?"

"Why, I ain't exactly got 'em now, but my nephew John keeps a furniture store in South Boston, and he has lots of sets like that. I bought that one of him."

Peter T. Brown jumps to his feet.

"Why, you outrageous robber!" he hollers. "Didn't you say those dishes were old?"

"I never said nothing except that they were like the plate that feller had on the piazza. And they was too. You folks said they was old, and I thought you'd ought to know, so"—

Eddie Small threw up both hands. "Fakes!" he hollers. "Fakes! And Thompson paid $133 for 'em! Boys, there's times when life's worth living. Have a drink."

We went into the billiard room and took something—that is, Peter and Eddie took that kind of something. Me and Jonadab took cigars.

"Fellers," said Eddie, "drink hearty. I'm going in to tell my wife. Fake dishes! And I beat Thompson on the davenport."

He went away bubbling like a biling spring. After he was gone Rogers looked thoughtful.

"That's funny, too, ain't it?" he says.

"What's funny?" we asked.

"Why, about that sofy he calls a davenport. You see, I bought that off John, too," says Adoniram.

Grim Scot Wit.

A Scottish minister had among his parishioners a man who dealt in old horses, alternating his spells of labor with heavy sprees. During the period of depression which followed each overindulgence John habitually took to bed and there diligently studied the family Bible. During one of these fits of attempted reformation his condition prompted his wife to call in the Rev. Mr. Wallace, the parish minister, who at the time happened to be passing.

"Oh, Maister Wallace, come in and see our John; he's rale bad!"

"What's wrang wi' him?"

"He's feart to meet his Makker," said Mrs. John.

Quick as fire came the crushing reply:

"Humph! Thell'm he need na be feart for that; he'll never see'm."

The Taj Mahal.

The Taj Mahal at Agra, India, is said to be the most beautiful structure in the world. It was built by Shah Jehan as a tomb for his wife and is of the purest white marble. It shines so dazzlingly in the sun that you can scarcely look at it except in the morning or evening. Every part is inlaid with the most exquisite designs in marble of different colors, the finish being so perfect that the entire building may be said to resemble in the delicacy of its workmanship one of those Chinese caskets of ivory and ebony which are now so common in Europe and America.—New York American.

OLD TAVERN CHARGES

Cost of Living at a Turnpike Inn Near New York In 1846.

LOW PRICES THE RULE THEN

The Regular Tariff For a Dinner Was 19 Cents, and a Wedding Breakfast For Six, With Twelve Quarts of Oats on the Side, Cost Just $1.69.

Guarded as carefully as any of the guests' jewels that lie beside it in the big safe of a great and glittering Broadway hotel in New York city and treasured by the proprietor more than its weight in gold is an old cashbook. The entries run from March to December, 1846. They record in quaint, descriptive phrases the comings and goings of the travelers who stopped at a wayside inn on a turnpike road less than 100 miles from New York. This tavern was kept by the Broadway hotel proprietor's grandfather. The building of the railroad, the passing of the stagecoach and the changes of more than half a century have obliterated this once famous old inn at South Durham, and now all that remains of it is this ancient book, which served not only as a record of cash received, but took the place of the modern hotel register.

The prices charged by this innkeeper of long ago are as far removed from those exacted today as this ancient hostelry is from the gorgeous summer hotels of the countryside where it once stood. The regular price for a dinner was 19 cents, but even this appears to have been "cut" to frequent travelers. For instance, there is an entry of "Candy peddler from Albany, two meals and lodging, 31 cents." Almost every entry is a brief description of the individual traveler and what he got—for example, "Freckle faced, eagle nosed boy, hay, supper, lodging and grease, 31 cents." This boy was probably driving a horse and wagon, which would account for the hay and grease. Another man who was described as a "fellow with tired colt" got hay, lodging and breakfast for 44 cents.

Every few days there came along, according to this ancient register, a "Connecticut man." He invariably spent just 6 cents for food, and that was for pie. On two occasions there is an additional charge for "greasing wagon, 6 cents." There were no theatrical companies touring this turnpike road half a century ago, but a phrenologist appears and vanishes, it being recorded that for "hay, 6 quarts of oats, lodging and breakfast" he gave up 56 cents. Once in awhile a real spendthrift would come along, like the "gent with three ladies and two children." They had six dinners. For these, the hay for the horses, the "meals for the dog" and the "segar" for the man $1.23 was charged. There was a wedding breakfast at this quaint tavern too. It is set down as "wedding, Radcliff's sister, 6 dinners, 12 quarts of oats, $1.69."

People "went west" by wagon in those days from the thickly settled east to seek their fortunes. Some did not find what they expected and came back again. One such group, an "emigrant family returning east—seven of them"—spent $2 at the inn. "Three cents' worth of candy" is a frequent entry. Probably the "candy peddler from Albany" paid for his food and lodging in sweets. There are but two entries of anything stronger than lemonade, and those are for beer—four quarts for 9 cents. Oysters were cheap, too, for six plates of them increased the contents of the tavern keeper's money box by just 15 cents.

Among the journeyers along this turnpike road whose passage is recorded in this age yellowed volume is "Old Particklar." Doubtless he was some cranky old codger who kicked about everything and whose goings the innkeeper sped as much as possible. Then there was the "Whistling Man," the "Stiff Arm Man," the "Dispeptic Man" (he had four quarts of tea) and the "Hen Man," who ate a piece of pie and traded roosters with the hotel keeper. Other travelers along the highway are thus described: "Association Man," "Mean Fellow," "Gent With Noble Horse," "Lady With Crying Baby," "Hank Day's Likeness" and "Cravat Peddler" (fool).

Occasionally an old acquaintance would pass by or some dignitary, for it is set down that a "friend from Lexington" had hay and lodging one day at the inn. Who knows but he might have been a son of one of the "embattled farmers" who kept the bridge that April morning of the ride of Paul Revere? The "Grand Juror and His Wife" tarried for a meal at the inn the same day as did the "Dominie's Wife and Child." On Nov. 3, so the careful chronicle says, the proprietor "went to York," where he remained six days. He must have had a roaring, roistering time of it while in the metropolis, for the next entry in his handwriting is somewhat shaky and says, "Sundries while at York, 50 cents."—New York Press.

Washington's Farewell.

The farewell address of Washington, the military chieftain, to his soldiers stands without parallel in all history. He does not refer to his own sacrifices or achievements. He simply and completely sinks himself, the great central figure, out of sight. He sees only his country and thinks only of her welfare.—Magazine of American History.

Falsehoods may be stated under impression that they are truths, but lying is characterized by the intention to deceive.

Subdued.

Hotel Guest (to pretty waiter girl)—This steak is not very good. Pretty Waiter Girl—Teaorcoffee? Guest—This steak—it's tough and— Pretty Waiter Girl (to another pretty waiter girl)—Charley was asking after you this morning, Jen. (To guest)—Did you say teaorcoffee? Guest (gloomily)—Coffee.—New York Sun.

AN EASY VICTORY.

How an Obstinate English Lord Was Outwitted In Naples.

Lord Charles Hamilton used to go about Naples attended by a large, ferocious bulldog. Having decided upon going to Rome, he proceeded to the station and took his place in a first class carriage, the "dawg" taking up a position on a seat opposite his master. The platform inspector, with many gesticulations, declared that the bulldog should not travel in a passenger carriage.

"Very well, then; take him out," was Lord Charles' rejoinder.

In vain the official expostulated. He merely reiterated his former reply, a piece of advice it is needless to say which was not followed, and Lord Charles, apparently master of the situation, threw himself back in his seat and calmly lighted a cigar.

But the Italians were not to be outdone, and, quietly detaching the carriage in which the English "milor" was seated, they made up the train with another compartment and started it off.

Lord Charles sat quietly smoking for about a quarter of an hour and then, surprised at the delay, thrust his head out of the window and demanded when the train was going to start. His feelings when the situation was described to him may be imagined.—London Tit-Bits.

A WONDERFUL DREAM.

The Poor Cobbler Who Found Himself Upon a Throne.

It was in the days of Philip the Good, duke of Burgundy, that a cobbler mounted a royal throne. As the duke was traveling one night to Bruges he came upon a man stretched upon the ground sound asleep and bade his attendants carry him to the palace, strip off his rags and place him, robed in fine linen, in his own bed.

When the man awoke next morning he was addressed as "your highness" and astounded to find himself among such rich surroundings. In vain he protested that he was no prince, but a poor cobbler. They asked him what clothing he would wear and at last conducted him, splendidly dressed, to mass in the ducal chapel. Every ceremony was observed throughout the day. The cobbler appeared in public in his new role, was received on all sides by command of the duke with deep respect and ended his brief reign in the palace with a grand supper and ball.

When presently he fell asleep he was reclothed in his rags and taken to the spot where he had been found when this practical joke was conceived. Waking in due time, he returned home and related to his wife what he took to be his wonderful dream.

Sacred Nuts of Japan.

Although well known to travelers and collectors of curiosities, the horn nut, or "sacred nut," of Japan was almost wholly unknown to fruit and nut dealers in this country prior to 1888, when a New York commission merchant received the first large consignment. They are called "sacred nuts" because used in certain forms of Japanese worship, where they are placed on the altar and ignited. Being very rich in oil, they burn with a hot, bluish flame and give off a peculiar odor, the fumes being supposed to rise as an acceptable incense to the gods. They grow under water and have a leaf like an American lily, the form of the nut itself being an almost exact counterpart of an Asian buffalo's head, drooping horns and all. In the raw state they are hard and tasteless, but when cooked the flavor resembles that of boiled chestnuts. They are said to retain their edible qualities for upward of twenty years.

Vanished Mountains.

It has been observed that in the neighborhood of great ranges of mountains the force of gravity is slighter than elsewhere, and the explanation is that the earth's crust is less dense beneath the places where it has been heaved up. Assuming this to be a general law, one authority points out that it is possible to discover where ancient mountains now worn away and leveled by the action of the elements once existed, because the density of the underlying rocks has not changed. France, it is thought, possessed one of these vanished ranges, running along the parallel of Bordeaux, for on that line there is a lessening of the force of gravity. A similar phenomenon occurs on the plains of southern Russia.—Harper's Weekly.

Unconscious Self Criticism.

Mr. X., the subeditor, was asked to write an article on superstition and imbecility.

When the article was printed the opening sentence was found to be as follows: "That imbecility is not on the wane perusal of the following lines will amply demonstrate."—Paris Figaro.

Pert Suggestion.

Mr. Boastem—I often regret that I did not attend some college and acquire a little more polish. Miss Cutting Hintz—Why don't you hire some brass finisher to rub you up a trifle?—New Orleans Picayune.

Back to Work.

Ella—That clumsy fellow has been a conductor. Stella—How do you know? Ella—When I said something about his being on my train he said, "Tickets, please."—New York Press.

If you don't do better today you'll do worse tomorrow.—Loomis.

Discoveries.

So many famous discoveries have turned out to be re-discoveries that we become cautious about asserting that any event or achievement was the first of its kind.—John Disko.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Home Course In Domestic Science

XIV.—Principles of Home Decoration.

By EDITH G. CHARLTON,
In Charge of Domestic Economy, Iowa State College.

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THE subject of home decoration and furnishing is so large and comes so closely to the individual life of the family that an outsider hesitates to make even the simplest suggestions. And yet just because the subject is large and important and, because it is, on the whole, so little understood by the average person is one very good reason why instruction is needed along certain lines. All that I shall attempt, however, in these articles on house furnishing will be some of the very first principles, just a few hints for the women who are not sure of their own opinions on such matters, whose experience has been limited and whose opportunities for getting really good things are very few.

There was a time in the history of our country when the family was content with the home which simply afforded shelter. That was the primitive object of the home, an instinct developed from early ages, when caves, rocks and later mounds of earth and wood furnished the dwelling place for the family. Undeveloped were the instincts which prompted primeval man to seek a place of shelter for his own little circle of human beings. They were, however, the beginning of the highest and strongest social institution in the world, that of family life and the private home. Now conditions have changed, people have developed, and the home must be something more than a place of shelter. It is still the keystone of the nation, the place where those qualities which make for good citizenship are developed, and therefore it is worthy of all the thought, all the intelligent planning and the noblest feelings that can be brought to it. The true home should reflect the character of the people who inhabit it, and above all else it should be of such a nature as to bring out the best there is in each individual beneath its roof. And a home in the true sense of the word can and does do this.

COMFORTABLE LIVING ROOM.

Things Not to Do.

Some of the most glaring faults in home furnishing are the commonest, those committed thoughtlessly or perhaps, to be more exact, those prompted by the dictates of fashion. It is so much easier very often to put into our homes and wear on our persons, even to put into our manner, those things which fashion says are right rather than to adopt those things which suit our own individuality, environment and needs.

Just because fashion states that a certain kind of wall paper, a certain color in carpets or certain styles in furniture are the "latest" and "newest" is no reason in the world why they should be put into your homes unless they will be suitable there. Yet very many times the decree goes forth and is followed blindly, with the result that beauty, harmony and repose are qualities totally ignored in many homes. Some one has said: "The world is full of beautiful things if one has money to buy them. The world is also full of ugly things—things false in art, in truth and beauty. They are things made to sell with only this idea behind them." So do not be tempted by the too common expression, "It is the very latest style," when buying furnishings for your home or wearing apparel for yourself unless the "very latest thing" has beauty and suitability to recommend it.

To have something like every one else is also another fault made in house furnishing. That is one reason why so many country houses try to reproduce on a cheaper scale the city home and why there are so many unattractive homes in smaller towns and country places. Ignorance of or indifference to color and color harmony is another cause for lack of beauty in furnishing.

Again, pictures, furniture, ornaments and everything else are brought into our home without a thought of articles already there. The new and the old are combined without questioning whether one suits the other or not, and in consequence both are spoiled.

Some Rules to Follow.

To furnish a home satisfactorily one must always consider the style of house, its location, the use to which it is to be put, as well as the cost of its furnishing. Not a single piece of furniture should be bought without some thought as to whether it is suitable for the home and its use; also whether it will be in harmony with furniture already in it.

When a woman has sufficient money at her command and can furnish the house completely from cellar to attic it is an easy matter to give the contract into the hands of a professional, occasionally with good results, sometimes disappointment. But when one must consider dollars carefully and furnish one room at a time, possibly only getting the absolute necessities for that room at first, it is a harder problem to solve. The latter woman, however, is the one whom I should like to help. Remember, then, in the first place not to buy anything unless it is appropriate to the use for which it is intended as well as for the completeness of the room. Remember to always select the real and substantial in preference to the showy imitation. If it is a question of tables, buy the simplest form, made of perfect wood, with best finish, rather than the elaborately carved, showy piece flimsily put together. A good enameled iron or plain brass bedstead will be infinitely more satisfactory in the end than one of cheap inlaid wood.

A large expenditure of money does not always imply a satisfactory home. Truth and harmony, the elements of beauty, may be secured in the most inexpensive cottage as well as in the palace.

The ideal country house is built on broad, generous lines. Never should it have the high, narrow, cramped roof frequently seen on crowded city streets, where space is at a premium. It should have also roomy verandas, and porches, low ceilings, wide, low windows and hospitable looking doors opening into comfortable, homelike rooms. Such a house should be sincere in its furnishings—should not suggest imitation in any way. This impression of genuineness can be given by inexpensive material, even by homemade furniture, very much better than by showy workmanship carelessly performed.

Treatment of High Ceilings.

Some of the houses built forty or fifty years ago have ceilings too high to express real comfort. A room 10 by 12 feet with a twelve foot ceiling has the appearance of being extremely narrow, while a room the same size with a nine foot ceiling may give a real cozy effect. What is to be done with the high ceiling? The simplest way out of the difficulty is to cheat the eye into forgetfulness of those extra three feet. This can be done by using horizontal lines in the wall decoration. Either the ceiling paper can be brought down on the wall to the distance of three feet, the upper part of the wall may be finished with a frieze, or three feet at the base may be covered with canvas or wood paneling, then six feet of figured paper, finished with a narrow picture molding and joining the ceiling paper, which has been dropped three feet. Any of these methods will give the impression of a lower ceiling.

Borders have their place in wall decoration, but they should not be used in rooms with low ceilings. Such a room should be decorated with striped paper and have the wall covering extend close up to the angle formed by the ceiling, and here the picture molding is put on. Never use wide stripes or large designs of any kind on a small room, and bear in mind that simplicity in design and color is a good rule to follow in wall decorations as well as in any part of house furnishing.

Good and Bad In Wall Covering.

The owner of a new house is inclined to leave the walls undecorated for the first few months at least after the house is finished. His reason may be the added expense of decoration, or he may think he prefers the plain white wall just for its simplicity and because it is sanitary. If the walls have been finished with a smooth white surface it is more than likely every one will weary of them in a short time. Plain white walls give the feeling of being shut in a box, as if there were a limit to space. A smooth white surface also tires the eyes. Not so the rough plasters, which are quite generally used nowadays. And if to the plaster has been added a little color, a hint of gray or deep cream, the effect is satisfying for a long time. Indeed, for almost any room in the house, with the possible exception of the reception room or parlor, this rough surface simply tinted makes a most desirable wall finish. The smooth wall may be decorated in almost any color with calcimine or muresco, giving a pleasing background for pictures. Whatever the wall decoration, it should be chosen with relation to the lighting of the room; also to the furnishings.

If the floor covering has considerable design and color, then the wall should have but one tint, and if the draperies are figured again be careful to select a flat color for the walls. Among the chief objections to wall paper are the exaggerated designs and too conspicuous colors, which are common in most of them. The size of the room and the kind of floor covering should largely determine whether the wall should be decorated with a paper having a pattern or a plain design. It is so much easier to err on the side of too much design than too little that unless you are sure of your knowledge of color combination it is generally better to keep to plain effects.

There Is No Right.

"What is the right thing to do when your wife asks you for money and you haven't got it?"

"Under those circumstances anything you do will be wrong."—New York Herald.

Beastly Business.

Plainfield Commuter—That's a beastly business Shortly has gone in for. Somerville Commuter—What's he doing? Plainfield Commuter — Raising bull terriers.—Suburbanite.

If we have not quiet in our own minds, outward comforts will do nothing for us.—Bunyan.

NAMES OF CITIES.

They Are Frequently Miscalled by Travelers Abroad.

"How far are you going?" asked my fellow traveler as we came across the St. Gotthard. "To Paris," I replied. He looked puzzled. Then I recollected that he was an Italian and that he had told me he had never been out of Italy before. "Parigi," I said, smiling, and he knew at once what I meant.

Then it occurred to me to mention London to him and see if he understood. He obviously did not. "Londra," I translated. "Ah, Londra!" he repeated. "Yes, yes." Here were two of us journeying together across Europe in an age which is supposed to have broken down the barriers that once hindered free intercourse, yet we were not even agreed as to the names of the principal places on our route.

He called Milan Milano, Florence Firenze, Turin Torino, Naples Napoli. For Basle he said Basilea and Lucerna for Lucerne (which the Swiss themselves call Luzern, pronouncing the "z" like ts).

Stop a moment, though. When I say he called Florence Firenze, and so on, I am laying myself open to misconception and the charge of insular insolence. Rather should I put it that we English call Firenze Florence, just as we call Padova Padua and Livorno Leghorn. We cannot even give the Eternal City its proper beautiful name. Instead of Roma we say Rome, which is only a trifle better than the Germans, who deep down in their throats grunt out "Röm."

The Germans are very bad offenders in this matter of miscalling places, for they give them often such euphonious equivalents as one would never think of connecting with the real name. The first time I went to Italy I let the train leave Bellinzona without me. I was drinking a cup of coffee and it slipped off. I thoroughly enjoyed a sunny September afternoon's ramble amid vineyards and along the shore (so far as I recollect) of an enchanting little lake. Then I went back to the station to catch the evening service to Milan.

Presently a long and important looking train thundered in. On it were boards—"Berlin-Mailand." I regarded them idly, wondering where Mailand was and why I had never heard of it before. It was only when I saw a friendly porter wildly summoning me to enter and heard a guard crying out, "Chiasso, Como, Milano," that I realized the situation and understood Mailand to be German for the city we call Milan. The German for Venice is even more ill sounding—"Venedig." Who would ever associate that harsh trisyllable with the glories and loveliness of the miracle city of the lagoons?—London Mail.

A HUMILIATED MONKEY.

The Crippled Old Despot Was Made to Feel His Mighty Fall.

The following amusing story is told by J. L. Kipling in his "Man and Beast in India" of the humiliation of a monkey whom physical disablement prevented from maintaining his despotic position as leading male of the troop:

"One morning there came a monkey chieftain, weak and limping, having evidently been worsted in a severe fight with another of his own kind. One hand hung powerless, his face and eyes bore terrible traces of battle, and he hirpled slowly along with a pathetic air of suffering, supporting himself on the shoulder of a female—a wife, the only member of his clan that had remained faithful to him after his defeat.

"We threw them bread and raisins, and the wounded warrior carefully stowed the greater part away in his cheek pouch. The faithful wife, seeing her opportunity, holding fast his one sound hand and opening his mouth, deftly scooped out the store of raisins. Then she sat and ate them very calmly at a safe distance, while he mowed and chattered in impotent rage.

"He knew that without her help he could not reach home and was fain to wait with what patience he might till the raisins were finished. This was probably her first chance of disobedience or of self assertion in her whole life, and I am afraid she thoroughly enjoyed it."

How Long Your Nails Grow.

The growth of an average finger nail is about one thirty-second of an inch a week, or nearly one and one-half inches in a year, so those aristocratic Chinese who proudly exhibit nails six to eight inches in length must have refrained from cutting them at least four to six years. Finger nails grow faster in the summer than in winter. The nail on the middle finger grows faster than any of the others, and that of the thumb is slowest in growth. The nails of the right hand grow faster than those of the left. A nail is supposed to reach its full growth in about four and a half months, and at this rate a man seventy years old would have renewed his nails 262 times. On each finger he would have grown nine feet of nail, or on all his fingers and thumbs no less than ninety feet of nail.—St. Louis Republic.

Odd Signs.

A tinman in the south of England has a sign which reads, "Quart Measures of All Shapes and Sizes Sold Here."

At a market town in the midlands the following placard was affixed to the shutters of a watchmaker who had decamped, leaving his confiding creditors mourning: "Wound Up and the Mainspring Broke."

In one of the principal streets of another small town the same shop was occupied by a doctor and a shoemaker, the man of medicine having the front and he of the leather working in the rear. Over the door hung the sign, "We Repair Both Body and Sole."

On the window of a coffee room there one day appeared the notice, "This Coffee Room Removed Upstairs Till Repaired."

How Spools Are Made.

Few persons realize the great care necessary in the production of timber for the manufacture of the common spool sold in the stores on which thread is wound.

The green logs are brought to the mill during the fall or winter in four-foot lengths, and are first sawed lengthwise into bars, or "squares." These bars are made four feet long whenever possible, and are square in cross sections of various sizes, depending on the size of the spool desired.

The bars must all be sawed befoe the 1st of June, preferably before the 1st of May, in order to prevent staining. Round logs with the bark on begin to stain as soon as warm weather sets in, usually about the middle of May.

By the middle of June the three-foot bolts are usually stained throughout their entire lengths, and by the 1st of August four-foot bolts are entirely stained. Soon after this white streaks begin to appear in the wood, and it loses its strength. Whole stems left in the wood stain for only two or three feet at both ends, but the rest of the material is not so clean and white as when winter-sawed during the first season. Best results are obtained by sawing the wood while it is frozen.

With clear white birch of the best quality, particularly free from large knots and red hearts, two cords of round logs yield 1,000 board feet of spool bars, the New York Herald says. With the ordinary run of material, however, it takes from one and one-half to three cords to make 1,000 feet of bars.

The sawing of the logs into such small bars makes much sawdust waste, and half a cord of sawdust has actually come from a single cord of bolts.

Immediately after sawing the green bars are stacked in open piles out of doors, but under cover. The air has free access to them, and they usually season for several months.

When it is desired to use them they are put into a dry kiln to complete the seasoning. It is essential that seasoning should be thorough, since the slightest change in the size of the spool after manufacture makes it impossible for the delicately adjusted machines now in use in the cotton mills to wind the thread upon it.

The bars are first cut into short pieces the exact length of the spool desired and these are then put through a lathe which turns out the spool. In many cases these lathes are entirely automatic. The best of them work with great speed and accuracy and turn out spools at the rate of one a second.

At this stage the spools are rough and must be smoothed off so that the thread may not be cut and broken in winding. This smoothing is done by tolling for half an hour or more together with several balls of wax and paraffin in a large hollow cylinder. This is the general process by which the ordinary sewing spools are made and they are then sorted, culled and shipped.

The Syrian Wild Goat.

Wild sheep and goats are always interesting because of their resemblance to our common paper eating Billy. But one would hardly think the aoudad, or Syrian wild goat, a real member of the family of humble billygoats, so dignified and beautiful is he. Have a good look at him next time you are at the menagerie. Notice his rich sand color, his large hazel eyes and long dewlap and beard.

But it is his horns that merit attention now that he is lying down in the hot sand this warm morning. The fore feet are tucked under him goat fashion, and he is in apparent idleness, tossing the sand about, digging a hole in it as if to find out hidden treasure. First on this side he digs in his horn, then on the other side, making the sand fly. But we must not judge him harshly or say, "What a silly, lazy thing!" for now you can see thousands of tiny goats whirling around him, and a moment's thought brings respect for this Syrian prisoner. He is bothered by those goats, whose "hot feet sting him"—that is, their tails do. And so he is simply covering his back up with a layer of sand, as we ourselves would do had we no other clothes to protect us from the goats.

Mr. Goody-Goody.

"I never have tasted liquor of any kind nor used tobacco nor uttered an oath in my life."

"Um! You haven't, eh? Do you wear ruffles on your nightshirt."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Are you," she asked, "one of those foolish people who think man is superior to woman?"

"I am not," he replied. "It is my opinion that if man had to have his clothes hooked up the back and were compelled to wear his heel under his instep and keep his hat on by ramming a pin through his hair, he wouldn't amount to half as much as a woman does."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Possible Customer—"What's the price of oranges?" New Clerk—"Twenty-five cents, fifty cents, and $1." Possible Customer—"But why the difference in prices. All the oranges you have look the same to me." New Clerk—"They are the same, but the prices I have named are for half, one and two dozen lots."—Chicago Daily News.

"How do you like my biscuit, hubby? I got the receipe out of a paper." "Well, my dear, I found a button in one and a feather in another. Maybe you got the cooking recipe mixed with the fashion hints."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Mrs. Jawback—"The doctor says I must sleep with my mouth shut. How can I get into the habit?" Mr. Jawback—"Try practising it when you are awake."—Cleveland Leader.

Tom (who takes his meals at a hotel)—"Do you like your meals served table d'hote?" Dick (who patronizes a street waffle wagon)—"No; I generally take mine a la cart."—Baltimore American.

"Have you ever wondered about your husband's past?" Dear me, no; I have all I can do in taking care of his present and worrying about his future."—Boston Herald.

"He was once a member of the Legislature, was he not?" "Oh yes. And ever since he has been living on the reputation of the reputation he might have made."—Puck.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Punctuality.

So much is said about the virtue of punctuality that people who go in for it to any great extent are exceedingly uppish and disagreeable. Punctuality has its bad side, just as everything else has. People should remember this. If they are on time they only serve to throw into embarrassing relief the poor souls who come hurrying up ten minutes late. It is smug to be precisely punctual. It is raising yourself above the rest of mankind, refusing to partake in its frailties. The ideal thing from the point of view of courtesy to others and decent humility about your own attainments is to be always ten minutes late, or at least to appear so.

If you are to meet at the package office in the Grand Central station at 4 o'clock, sit quietly in the middle of the hall until 12 minutes after 4; then when you have seen the other person dash up, followed by panting, porters and fairly dripping with explanations, wait until the arrival has had a second in which to recover self-respect and stroll up with a remark on Timbuctoo or the best way to cultivate carrots. This will insure your popularity and show you to be a person of kindliness and forethought. At any rate, it is better than a pitiless standing at the place where you said you would be, your superiority increasing every minute, and confronting, upbraiding silently, the person who promised to meet you because you appeared a rather likable sort, but who finds you in your panoply of punctuality the very reverse of likable.

For be it remembered that just as some people cannot be on time, others cannot, to save their skins, be late. So that they deserve not a whit of credit for it, and should, in fact, be reprimanded when they do it ostentatiously and in public.

The theatres have formed a charming habit of sending up the curtain just fifteen minutes after the time stated, which by punctual members of the audience is considered shocking, for it permits the late arrivals to settle comfortably in their seats and say to the members of their family who fumed and fussed and had a silly idea that the time to get to the theatre was at the hour suggested in the papers, "Now, you see, here we are in perfect time; couldn't be better," which arouses the worse nature of the punctual persons and divides families against themselves.—New York Evening Sun.

Big Game, Indeed.

E. S. Bruce of the U. S. Forest service, told at a dinner in Washington a story of the woods.

"Two city boys," said he, "went shooting in a forest. As they passed a ruined house on their way home at dusk, a huge owl flew out. One of the boys put up his gun and fired. The owl, with a ghastly shriek, fell flutering to the ground.

"The awed boys in the twilight peered down at the great, round, white face, and outspread wings.

"'We'd better run,' said the younger. 'Dear knows what'll happen to us. We've gone and shot a cherubim.'"

Ground For Appeal.

"You are fined $50 for speeding," remarked the court.

"What," ejaculated the autoist. "Only $50 I shall appeal. I'm agent for the car I was using, and my rival, whose old threshing machine couldn't go half the clip I was making, you soaked for a hundred."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Coalman (who has been summoned from the street to a flat on the tenth story—no lift)—"How many hundred weight did you say, mum?" Lady (sweetly)—"Oh, I don't want any coal; I was only telling my little girl that if she kept on being naughty you'd take her away in your big black bag, but she's behaving better now, thank you very much."—Punch.

One on the Milkman.—"Well, I declare," exclaimed the milkman, facetiously. "A little fly has fallen into the milk can and seems to be calling to his mate on the edge of the can. Wonder what he is saying, any how?"

"Don't know I am sure," laughed the housewife, "but perhaps he is saying, 'Come on in, the water's fine.'"—Boston Post.

Visitor (meeting some one in a dark corridor)—"My angel!"

The Angel—"You've made a mistake, Mr. Jamieson. I'm her mother."

Visitor—Ah, the angel senior, in fact.—Fliegende Blaetter.

"Johnny, what is meant by undertones?" "Please, ma'am, they are the yells of the fellow what's on the bottom."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

For Over Sixty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup." Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial number 1655.

There are now over 33,000 men employed in government dockyards in England.

Every woman who suffers from Sick Headache, and who disliks to take bitter doses, should try Carter's Little Liver Pills. They are the easiest of all medicines to take. A positive cure for the above distressing complaint; give prompt relief in Dyspepsia and Indigestion; prevent and cure Constipation and Piles. As easy to take as sugar, only one pill a dose. Price 25 cents. If you try them you will not be without them.

The average weight of the heart is from nine to eleven ounces.

That tired, languid feeling and dull headache is very disagreeable. Take two of Carter's Little Liver Pills before retiring, and you will find relief. They never fail to do good.

Dragon flies can catch insects when flying at the rate of forty or fifty miles an hour.

Always avoid harsh purgative pills. They first make you sick and then leave you constipated. Carter's Little Liver Pills regulate the bowels and make you well. Dose one pill.

Florida is the centre of the turpentine industry.

All cases of weak or lame back, backache, rheumatism, will find relief by wearing one of Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Backache Plasters. Price 25 cents. Try them.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

When Stanley Quailed.

"Before I met Henry M. Stanley," says William H. Rideing in McClure's, "I had talked with men who had been under him in his African expeditions, and all they told me about him was more or less appalling.

"He was not inhuman, but in desperate straits he spared neither man nor beast, nor would he defer to the counsel or the pleasure of others or have any patience with less than instant and unquestioning obedience to his orders under all circumstances. He would not forbear under arguments or excuses or relax his severity by any familiarity or pleasantries, even when his object had been gained. He was both despot and martinet; stern, exacting, uncompromising, silent, humorless, inscrutable, Cromwellian.

"'I cannot say we loved him,' one of his lieutenants said to me; 'we were all afraid of him, but we all believed in him. When he hadn't his rifle in hand he had his Bible, and no matter where our camp was or how long and distressing our march had been he never missed his bath and shave in the morning.'"

This aspect of the explorer was very different from that which he showed to the guests at a dinner which the Papyrus club of Boston gave in his honor.

"Whether he sat or stood," says Mr. Rideing, "he fidgeted and answered in monosyllables, not because he was unanimable or unappreciative but because he—this man of iron, whose word in the field brooked no contradiction or evasion, he who defied obstacles and danger and pierced the heart of darkness—was bashful even in the company of fellow craftsmen.

"His embarrassment grew when after dinner the chairman eulogized him to the audience; he squirmed and averted his face as cheer after cheer confirmed the speaker's rhetorical excellence of praise. 'Gentlemen, I introduce to you Mr. Stanley, who,' etc.

"The hero stood up slowly, painfully, reluctantly, and with a gesture of deprecation fumbled in first one and then another of his pockets without finding what he sought. It was supposed that he was looking for his notes, and more applause took the edge off the delay.

"His mouth twitched without speech for another awkward minute before, with a more erect bearing, he produced the object of his search and put it on his head. It was not paper, but a rag of a cap, and with that on he faced the company as one who by that act had done all that could be expected of him, and made further acknowledgment of the honors he had received superfluous. It was a cap that Livingstone had worn and that Livingstone had given him."

Keeping Up Appearances.

Eugene Higgins, at a dinner in New York, was questioned by a young lady about the battle-net of his yacht Varuna.

"It is a simple contrivance," said Mr. Higgins. "I let it down into the sea, and that enables my guests and myself to bathe. It is a very simple contrivance, but the newspapers of late have made me prate so much about it that, really, I seem like Mrs Finletter.

"Mrs. Finletter and her husband had just moved into the $15 seven-room house. The first Sunday morning there, as Mr. Finletter sat with his enormous newspaper on his little porch, and all the neighbors on both sides of the street sat with their newspapers on their little porches, Mrs. Finletter suddenly came to the front door and shouted at her husband in a loud, vexed tone:

"'Hilary Finletter, will you or will you not come in to luncheon? The champagne is nearly flat, and you know how soon a dish of terrapin gets cold!'

"Finletter tossed down the comic section and hurried indoors with a dazed smile.

"'What are you kidding me for?' he asked, as he looked at the rump steak and potatoes of the dining table.

"'It's not you, Hilary, I'm kidding,' said his wife. 'It's the neighbors.'"

The Complacent 99.

Senator Tillman at a recent banquet told an amusing story.

"The pastor of a Tallapoosa church," he began, "said rather pointedly from the pulpit one Sunday morning:

"'An sutuy am rejiced to see Bruddah Calhoun White in con'en once mo'. Ah sglad Bruddah Calhoun has saw de error ob his ways at lawst, fo' dere is mo' joy obah one sinner dat repenteth dan obah de ninety an' nine—'

"But at this point Brother Calhoun White interrupted angrily.

"'O,' said he from his seat, 'de ninety an' nine needn't crow. Ah could tell some things erbout de ninety an' nine of Ah wanted ter!'"

Free Speech.

"Aw, shut up," said a voice from the audience.

"My friend," said the Anarchist speaker, "don't you believe in the right of free speech?"

"Sure thing," responded the voice. "What are you sore about? I was exercising that precious right."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Mrs. Youngsbride—Mrs. Smith says there is lots of cream on her milk bottles every morning. Why is there never any on yours?

The Milkman—I'm so honest, lady, that's why. I fill my bottles so full that there ain't never no room left for cream.—Woman's Home Companion.

"Mister," inquired Dusty Rhodes, "have you got any old clothes you don't want?" "No; but here is an old automobile you may have." "Thanks, but I have enough trouble supplying me own wants, without begging gasolene from door to door."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Mr. Saphedde—"Can you read my thoughts?" Miss Caustique—"No, I don't care for light reading."—Philadelphia Record.

Friend—"Is it safe to send your stuff in a wrapper like that?" Poet—"Well, I find it always comes back alright!"—Punch.

We are a scientific age. That is to say, claptrap has to make a noise something like science in order to take us in successfully.—Puck.

"Does your husband believe in the separation of the church and the state?" The statesman's wife—"I guess so; he never goes to church."—Judge.

"Mayme had a terrible fit yesterday." "Good-ness gracious! What caused it?" "Her dressmaker. Who else do you suppose?"—Baltimore American.

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to

MISS E. M. TILLEY,
Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1910.

NOTES.

MOTTS, TAUNTON, MASS. RECORDS OF BRISTOL COUNTY.

WILL. Adam Mott, of Dartmouth, blacksmith, "being grown into years," mentioned wife, Apphia Mott; son Thomas Mott, executor; sons Jacob and Adam Mott; "all my daughters," not named; grandson Benjamin Sowden. Dated May 10, 1761; rec. June 20, 1767.—Probate, Vol. 20, p. 142.

WILL. Thomas Mott, of Dartmouth, yeoman. Mentioned niece, Jedidah Mosher; Rhoda Hathaway, daughter of Paul; Ruth Mott, daughter of Thomas Mott the second; late wife, not named; property of late wife to be divided among Lemuel Mosher, Rhoda Mott, daughter of Thomas the second, and heirs of Abigail Winslow; nephew Thomas Mott the second, large Bible, etc., he to be executor. Dated 11, 19, 1803; rec. May 5, 1813. Probate 64, 440.

DEED. Adam Mott, of Dartmouth, cordwainer, to brother Thomas Mott, of Dartmouth, blacksmith; land in Dartmouth, that my father Adam Mott gave me in his will. Dated Jan. 4, 1768; rec. Jan. 14, 1770.

DEED. Gershom Mott, of Little Compton, to Edward Gray, Rebecca, wife of Gershom gave up her right of dower. Dated Aug. 21, 1691, rec. Nov. 8, 1696.—Land Evidence, 1, 182

DEED. Jacob Mott, of Dartmouth, blacksmith, and wife Anne, to Barnabas Mosher, land in Dartmouth. Dated Nov. 6, 1750; rec. Dec. 13, 1750.—Vol. 87, p. 462.—E. M. T.

QUERIES.

6650. BENNETT—Who were the parents of Abigail Bennett, wife of Job, who died October 16, 1761, aged 75? Her tombstone inscription, in the Common Burial Ground, in Newport, R. I., says that she was formerly wife of William Dyer.—H. J.

6651. GARDNER—Who was the George Gardner, mentioned in the Town Council records of Newport, R. I., as declaring on oath that he came from Boston? He was ordered to be sent back. The date is gone, but it seems to have been about 1753 or 1755.—P. C.

6652. COZZENS—Who were the ancestors of Peter Cozzens, who was living in Newport, R. I., in 1763?—P. C.

6653. MEARELL—Who were the parents of Mary Mearell, who was paid for keeping Freelove Johnson? Mentioned on the Town Council records of Newport, R. I., February 3, 1755.—P. C.

6654. AKINS—Who were the parents of James Akins, who lived in Newport, R. I., as early as 1714? He probably belonged to the Dartmouth family. Would like to trace this family back to their English home.—S. G.

6655. WHITING—Who were the parents of Hannah Whiting, of Newport, R. I.? She had a sister Sarah Jackson, whose daughter was Sarah Bull. Would like to straighten out this family. The mother of Hannah Whiting and Sarah Jackson was Hannah Bowdish. Now can any one tell me who their husbands were? Would like lists of children, with dates, birth, marriage and death. They lived about 1710 or a little later.—D. H. B.

6656. MAUDLIN—Would like parentage and place of birth of Joseph Maudlin, whose inventory was exhibited in Newport, R. I., January, 1766.—S. D.

6657. NICHOLS—Who were the ancestors of Samuel Nichols, who married Johanna Mendall, May 5, 1747. They were of Newport, R. I.—M. J.

6658. HART—Mary Hart, born January 16, 1697, daughter of Richard and Hannah. Richard Hart's will, 1745, mentioned daughter Mary Peckham. Wanted, date of Mary's marriage, and to whom, with authority for same; also dates of decease.—M. H.

6659. LUMBAR—Mary Lumbar married 1723, John Peckham. Whose son was he? Want authority for parentage.—P.

6660. COWLEY—Was it Penelope Cowley or Caswell, who married Samuel Peckham, November 15, 1742, at Newport, R. I.?—P. C.

ANSWERS.

6331. INGRAHAM—The place and date of death of William Ingraham, Sen., I do not know, but his wife Mary Barstow was buried at Stonington, Connecticut, November 16, 1708, aged 70 years. Also their son William Ingraham, Jr., who married Elizabeth Cheseboro, was buried at Stonington, Connecticut, January 16, 1708, about 51 years of age.—M. E. I.

6332. CHESEBROUGH—Samuel Chesebrough was born November 20, 1660, married Mary Ingraham, died October 27, 1735. He was son of Samuel Chesebrough and Abigail Ingraham. Mary Ingraham, wife of Samuel Chesebrough, was born June 26, 1666, daughter of William and Mary (Bairstow) Ingraham.—M. E. I.

"Mrs. Jones has a new hat." "Well, you look mightily pleased about it?" "You just ought to see how it looks on her."—Houston Post.

Jamestown.

At the Republican caucus held on Saturday last, the nominations were made practically without contest, in only one case a ballot being necessary. The following ticket was placed in nomination:

For Moderator—Henry T. Knowles.
For Town Clerk—William H. Severance.
For Town Council—William A. Barber, John E. Brayman, Charles Sowle, John R. Caswell, P. Sidney Arnold.
For Town Treasurer—Edwin G. Knowles.
For Town Sergeant—Robert E. Sherman.
For Assessor of Taxes for Five Years—Thomas C. Watson.
For Tax Collector—Harry S. Stubbs.
For School Committee for Three Years—George H. Carr.
For Town's Committee of the Jamestown & Newport Ferry Company—Isaac H. Clarke, Charles E. Weeden, Alvin H. Peckham.
Overseer of the Poor—Ralph G. P. Hull.

Portsmouth.

Mr. John T. Brown, who died on Tuesday, was one of the oldest residents of the town being eighty-four years of age. He was well known throughout the town, and had a host of friends. He had worked at carpentering for a large part of the time, being for some time in the employ of the late Alton Coggeshall. He was a member of Oakland Lodge, I. O. O. F. Mr. Brown is survived by a widow, a son, Mr. George A. Brown, and a daughter, Mrs. Warren R. Sherman.

"Borrowing trouble again, are you? What's the matter now?"

"I was just wondering how it will be possible to keep unmannerly people from spitting overboard when everybody gets to flying.—Chicago Record Herald.

CITY OF NEWPORT.

An Ordinance in Amendment of Section 17 of Chapter 4 Entitled "of Certain City Officers" of an ordinance comprising the revised ordinances of the City of Newport, Passed A. D. 1902.

It is ordained by the Representative Council of the City of Newport, as follows:

Section 1. Section 17 of Chapter 4 entitled "of certain city officers" of an ordinance comprising the revised ordinances of the City of Newport, is hereby amended by substituting the words "One hundred dollars per month" for the words "Eighty three dollars and thirty-three cents per month."

Section 2. This ordinance shall take effect immediately.

(Passed March 9, 1910)
A true copy, witness,
F. N. FULLERTON,
3-26-3w City Clerk.

CITY OF NEWPORT.

An ordinance for the assessment and collection of a tax.

It is ordained by the Representative Council of the City of Newport, as follows:—

Section 1. A tax for the current municipal fiscal year of not less than Five hundred and ninety five thousand dollars nor more than Six hundred and five thousand dollars is hereby imposed and levied and shall be assessed and apportioned by the Assessors of Taxes of this City, on or before the first day of July next, on the inhabitants of this City and the ratable property within the same; said tax shall be collected and paid into the City Treasury on and between the first day of July, and the thirty first day of August next, and all taxes remaining unpaid on said last named day shall carry until collected a penalty at the rate of twelve per centum per anum.

Sec. 2. This Ordinance shall take effect immediately.

(Passed March 9, 1910).
A true copy, witness,
F. N. FULLERTON,
3-26-3w City Clerk.

Court of Probate, Middletown, R. I.
March 21, A. D. 1910.

HARRIET B. CHASE, the Guardian of the person and estate of

SARAH C. COGGESHALL,

Widow, a person of full age, presents to this Court her third account with said estate, and thereon prays that the same may be examined, allowed and recorded.

It is ordered that the consideration of said account be referred to the Court of Probate to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on Monday, the eighteenth day of April next, A. D. 1910, at one o'clock p. m., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week at least, in the *Newport Mercury.*

ALBERT L. CHASE,
3-26-4w Probate Clerk.

GUARDIAN'S NOTICE.

Newport, March 26th, 1910.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, Conservator of the property of ELIZA K. SAYER, of full age, of said Newport, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said ward are notified to file the same in the office of the Clerk of said Court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

3-26-6w CHARLES A. BRACKETT.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

PUBLIC HEARING

Senate Chamber,
Providence, March 25, 1910.

The Committee on Judiciary of the Senate will hear all persons interested in "An Act requiring dogs to be tagged and authorizing dogs to be killed under certain circumstances and also two acts protecting deer," in the Committee Room No. 212, on FRIDAY, April 1, 1910, at 11 o'clock a. m.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Chairman.
JOHN W. SWEENEY, Clerk. 3-26-1w

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

PUBLIC HEARING

Senate Chamber,
Providence, March 25, 1910.

The Committee on Judiciary of the Senate will hear all persons interested in "An Act providing for uniform bills of lading and also providing for the transfer of stock in corporations," in the Committee Room No. 212, on THURSDAY, March 31, at 11 o'clock a. m.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Chairman.
JOHN W. SWEENEY, Clerk 3-26-1w

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

PUBLIC HEARING

Senate Chamber,
Providence, March 25, 1910.

The Committee on Judiciary of the Senate will hear all persons interested in "An Act relating to the selling of shares of stock in mining corporations," in the Committee Room No. 212, on WEDNESDAY, March 30, 1910, at 11 o'clock a. m.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Chairman.
JOHN W. SWEENEY, Clerk. 3-26-1w

YOU'VE HEARD IT.

That thread-bare phrase "Price Counts." So it does—for nothing. It's what the price stands for that counts, it's value that counts, and value is the cornerstone of this store's business policy. We seek to give you not more goods but more goodness for your dollar than other stores can. It's a business proposition that enables us to do it—3 big stores buying as one.

Genuine Leather Seat Dining Chair

With claw feet, fiddle backs, boxed seat construction—that's what any furniture dealer will pronounce real furniture goodness if they're white oak quarter sawed and mortised. Well, these are all that and yet they're only what the ordinary store charges you for a cane seat chair of the same description. $2.50

A. C. TITUS CO.,

225-229 THAMES STREET, - NEWPORT, R.I

To WASHINGTON and the SOUTHLAND.

TWO LUXURIOUS TRAINS

FEDERAL EXPRESS — COLONIAL EXPRESS

Through service. You pass through New York without changing cars. To ladies travelling alone this is a great advantage.

These trains are splendidly equipped—vestibuled buffet parlor cars and dining car in either direction.

FEDERAL EXPRESS
Daily, Sundays included.
Through sleeping cars between Boston and Philadelphia and Washington. Due Washington at 9.45 a. m. Prompt connection for all Southern Winter Resorts.

COLONIAL EXPRESS
Daily except Sundays.
Due Washington 9.41 p. m. Dining car between Boston and South Norwalk. Through sleeping car connection at Washington for principal Winter Resorts.

Excursion Tickets Now On Sale.
For information write A. S. Smith, General Passenger Agent, New Haven, Conn.

NEW YORK, NEW HAVEN & HARTFORD RAILROAD.

A QUALITY TALK.

When buying Fire Insurance buy the best; that is buy it in Companies who have passed through great conflagrations, notably the San Francisco conflagration with the highest credit. That cost is the same.

WE have the Companies.

WM. E. BRIGHTMAN,

169 THAMES STREET.

As Spring Arrives

It is natural for all to imbibe new energy and plan renewed activity in business and social life.

Telephone Service is indispensable in business, each new line draws additional trade.

In the home it is an ever faithful agent to ease the housewife's cares, bring cheer to the invalid and meet the emergencies which are sure to arrive.

Rates for service are reasonable. Call the Contract Department.

PROVIDENCE TELEPHONE CO.,

LOCAL CONTRACT OFFICE, 111 Spring St., Newport, R. I.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

PUBLIC HEARING

"Plumbers' Licenses."

Senate Chamber,
Providence, March 24, 1910.

The Committee on Special Legislation of the Senate will hear all persons interested in An Act for the appointment of a board for the examination and licensing of plumbers, and defining the duties and powers of said board, and for the regulation of the plumbing business, and to insure better sanitary conditions, and to prevent the spreading of disease, in Committee Room No. 210, on WEDNESDAY, March 30, 1910, at 1 p. m.

BENJAMIN MARTIN, Chairman.
ALVAH H. SANBORN, Clerk. 3-26-1w

CITY OF NEWPORT.

An Ordinance in amendment of an Ordinance of the Police Commission of the City of Newport entitled "An Ordinance in amendment of Chapter 15 of an ordinance comprising the revised Ordinances of the City of Newport."

It is ordained by the Representative Council of the City of Newport as follows:—

Section 1. Section 13 of said Chapter 15 is hereby amended so as to read as follows:—

Section 13. The compensation of the members of the permanent police force of the City of Newport below the rank of Chief of Police shall be as follows, payable weekly, to wit: The Captain of Police, three and seventy-five one hundredths dollars per day; the Inspector of Police, three and fifty one-hundredths dollars per day; the Sergeants of Police, three and twenty-five one-hundredths dollars per day; Patrolmen who have served five years or more, three dollars per day; Patrolmen who have served three years and not more than five years, two and seventy-five one-hundredths dollars per day; Patrolmen who have served less than three years, two and fifty one hundredths dollars per day; Special Policemen at the rate of two and fifty one-hundredths dollars per day for the time they have actually served or may be serving in the line of their duties as a special policeman. No extra compensation shall be paid. All fees and penalties, including all witness fees in criminal cases and complaints, and in all cases in which the city is a party, the residue of all fees received by any member of the permanent police force for committing persons to the State Institutions in Cranston, shall be paid by such member into the City Treasury, before he shall be entitled to receive his weekly pay; and the City Treasurer shall place to a separate account, to be known as the "Police Relief Fund," all money received by him from any member of the permanent police force; all money received by him from the Clerk of the District Court of the First Judicial District from fines imposed in said Court for violation of city ordinances; all money received by him from the Jailer of the Newport County Jail from fines and costs paid to said Jailer for violations of city ordinances; all money received by him from the Newport, R. I. Police Relief Fund Association, and shall deduct from the weekly pay of members of the permanent police force, except those officers who have not served five years or more, a sum equivalent to one per centum of the weekly pay of such officer to be placed to said "Police Relief Fund" account, and all money appropriated by the Representative Council of the City of Newport, for the Police Relief Fund.

Section 2. All Ordinances and Acts inconsistent herewith are hereby repealed.

Section 3. This Ordinance shall take effect immediately.

(Passed March 9, 1910.)
A true copy. Witness,
F. N. FULLERTON,
3-26-3w City Clerk.

"What do you think? Mrs. Zizzel who never goes to church has won the first prize in the church lottery!"—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

PUBLIC HEARING

House of Representatives,
Providence, March 21, 1910.

The Committee on Labor Legislation of the House of Representatives will hear all persons interested in House Bill 90 entitled "An Act providing the hours of Labor for Women and Children," in Room 302, State House, Providence, on TUESDAY, March 29th, 1910, upon the rising of the House.

CHAS. H. BASSETT, Chairman.
JOSEPH BARRETT, Clerk,
State House. 3-26-1w

ANNUAL MEETING.

THE PROPRIETORS of the Island Cemetery Company are hereby notified that the annual meeting of said company will be held at the State House, Monday evening, March 28th, 1910, at 7.30.

HENRY C. STEVENS,
3-19-2w Secretary.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND.

OFFICE OF COMMISSIONERS OF

Shell Fisheries.

At a meeting of the Commissioners of Shell Fisheries holden March 11, 1910, the following resolution and vote was passed:

WHEREAS, It has been found that a portion of the land under the tide-waters of the State of Rhode Island, in which oysters, clams, quahaugs and other shell-fish grow and are taken to be used for consumption, is contaminated by sewage pollution to the extent that the public health may be jeopardized, and;

WHEREAS, A large portion of the waters of the State is free from such pollution, and

WHEREAS, It is desirable that those portions of the bay that are not polluted should be known to the public to be above reproach, and in order that the public may know that such oysters, clams, quahaugs and other shell fish as are offered for sale are pure and wholesome, now therefore; It is

VOTED, That all persons are hereby ordered not to take any shell-fish from free or private beds which are polluted or which may, in the opinion of the Commissioners, be polluted.

Consent of the Commission will be given for taking shell fish from the above described polluted beds for the purpose of transplanting to other beds but no consent will be given for dredging oysters from such beds to be used or sold for consumption.

The Commissioners will proceed against any person for infringement of this order under any or all laws which may exist or be available under the General Laws of Rhode Island, 1909.

VOTED, That a copy of the above order be mailed to every lease-holder of oyster ground and to all known free fishermen and that the above resolution and order be published in the daily papers in the city of Providence and in the Newport and Wickford papers.

COMMISSIONERS OF SHELL FISHERIES,
3-19-3w BRAYTON A. ROUND, Clerk.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

Newport, March 5th, 1910.

THE UNDERSIGNED, Executor of the last Will and Testament of CATHERINE JOHNSON, late of the City of Newport, deceased, which Will has been admitted to probate by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, hereby gives notice that he has accepted said trust and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

3-5-3w HENRY N. JETER.

"There is Nebuchadnezzar eating grass like an ox!" said one courtier. "Let's hope for the best," replied the other. "Maybe he's trying to get even with the Babylonian beef Trust."—Washington Star.

Shell Fisheries.

Richard A. Robertson of Providence makes application for 40 acres of oyster ground on the east side of Hukonnet River, southerly of Sapowet Point and northerly of and adjoining ground held by B. B. Martin; Also for 75 acres of oyster ground southerly of Sapowet Point and southerly of and adjoining ground held by B. B. Martin;

Jeremiah J. Sullivan of East Providence makes application for 60 acres of oyster ground in Narragansett Bay, easterly of Hyer's Island and northerly and westerly of ground now held by Benjamin B. Martin.

FRIDAY, April 1, 1910, at 11 o'clock a. m., at the office of the Commissioners of Shell Fisheries, State House, Providence, is hereby appointed the time and place for the consideration of the same.

PHILIP H. WILBOUR,
JOHN B. NORTHUP,
EDWARD ATKINSON,
SAMUEL F. BOWDEN,
JOHN O. WILCOX,
Commissioners of Shell Fisheries.
3-19-2w

MEET ME

AT

BARNEY'S

Sheriff's Sale.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

NEWPORT, SC. SHERIFF'S OFFICE,
Newport, January 31, 1910.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution Number 4638 issued out of the District Court of the 1st Judicial District of Rhode Island within and for the County of Newport, on the 8th day of October A. D. 1909, and returnable to the said Court January 5th, A. D. 1910, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the 26th day of January A. D. 1909, in favor of Rhode Island Loan and Investment Company, a corporation duly chartered under the laws of the State of Rhode Island, Armistead Burley, Treasurer plaintiff, and against Thomas H. Reagan and Ellen H. Reagan his wife, and Walter Sherman, all of Newport in said County defendants, I have this day at 40 minutes past 1 o'clock P. M., levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest which the said defendants Thomas H. Reagan and Ellen H. Reagan and Walter Sherman had on the 17th day of July, A. D. 1908, at 15 minutes past 9 o'clock A. M. (the time of the attachment on the original writ), in and to a certain lot or parcel of land with all the buildings, and improvements thereupon, situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows:—

A certain lot of land with buildings thereon situated in said Newport and bounded Easterly on land of William Bailey, James T. Smith and Amarilla G. Van Zandt (more recently of Bridget Garrack) sixty feet, Southerly on Dixon Lane (between Thomas and Spring Street) one hundred feet, Westerly on land of Martin Hurton sixty feet and Northerly on land formerly of the Weaver heirs and Job T. Langley and others (now Burns Street and land of Gilroy) one hundred feet be the said measurements respectively more or less. Being the same premises conveyed to Thomas H. Reagan by quit claim deed of George W. Slade, Edward B. Lake and Benjamin S. G. Gifford of Fall River, Mass., doing business under the firm name of Allen Slade and Company said deed bearing date Jan. 9th, 1901 and recorded in office of Land Evidence said Newport in Book 78 at pages 188, 9.

All that lot of parcel of land with buildings and improvements thereon situated in said Newport and bounded and described as follows: Northerly partly by land of E. G. S. Alger, and partly by land of D. Dowling 56.8 feet, Easterly by Spring Street 51.5 feet, Southerly by Brewer Street 67.8 feet and Westerly by land of the heirs of Peter J. Lee 52 feet containing 2043 square feet, more or less. Being the same premises conveyed to Ellen H. Reagan by deed bearing date Jan. 4, 1906, and recorded in office of Land Evidence of said Newport in Book 85 at pages 276-5

AND

Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on estate at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office, in said City of Newport in said County of Newport, on the 7th day of April, A. D. 1910, at 12.30 o'clock, P.M. for the satisfaction of said execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING,
3-12-4w Deputy Sheriff.

Sheriff's Sale.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

NEWPORT, SC. SHERIFF'S OFFICE,
Newport, December 31st, A. D. 1909.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution Number 4638 issued out of the District Court of the 1st Judicial District of Rhode Island within and for the County of Newport, on the 8th day of December A. D. 1909, and returnable to the said Court March 30th A. D. 1910, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the 30th day of November A. D. 1909, in favor of John H. Brierly of said City of Newport plaintiff, and against George W. Pollitt of the City of Newport and State of Rhode Island in his capacity as administrator upon the estate of Elizabeth Beakhurst deceased, late of said City of Newport defendant, I have this day at 21 minutes past 1 o'clock P. M., levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest, which the said defendant George W. Pollitt as administrator upon the said estate of Elizabeth Beakhurst, deceased, had on the 11th day of August A. D. 1909, at 22 minutes past 3 o'clock P. M. (the time of the attachment on the original writ), in and to certain lots or parcels of land with all the buildings, and improvements thereupon, situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows: Southerly on Lee Avenue 35 feet, Westerly 75 feet on land now or late of Weeden T. Underwood, Northerly 35 feet on land now or late of William D. DeBlois, Easterly 70 feet on land now or late of Michael J. Healy and being the same premises conveyed by William G. Ward to George Beakhurst and Elizabeth G. Beakhurst as joint tenants by deed bearing date December 1st 1888 and recorded in Land Evidence Newport, Vol. 50, page 187.

2d Parcel. Northerly on lands now or formerly of William Jeffery, Easterly by Coggeshall Avenue, Southerly by land now or formerly of Martha E. Richmond and Mary Richmond, Westerly by other lands now or formerly of the said Martha E. Richmond and Mary Richmond. Be the said measurements more or less or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described

AND

Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on estate at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office, in said City of Newport in said County of Newport on the 7th day of April, A. D. 1910, at 12 o'clock noon, for the satisfaction of said execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING
3-12-4w Deputy Sheriff

Tax Department

CITY OF NEWPORT

Assessors' Notice.

The Assessors of Taxes of the City of Newport hereby give notice that they will assess and apportion on the inhabitants of said city, and the ratable property therein the tax ordered and levied by the Representative Council of said city by vote of the 9th day of March A. D. 1910, on Friday, April 1st, A. D. 1910, at 12 o'clock noon, and they will meet and be in session in their rooms in the City Hall (on the second floor), in said Newport, every day, except Sundays, from and including

SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1910,

To and including

MONDAY, APRIL 11, 1910,

From 9 o'clock A. M. to 12 o'clock noon, and from 2 o'clock to 5 o'clock P. M.

For the purpose of receiving a true and exact account of all the ratable estates of every person and body corporate, liable to taxation in said City.

EVERY PERSON AND BODY CORPORATE LIABLE TO TAXATION IN THE PREMISES, IS HEREBY NOTIFIED AND REQUIRED TO BRING IN TO SAID ASSESSORS, WITHIN THE TIME OR TIMES, AND AT THE PLACE OF MEETING AND SESSION OF SAID ASSESSORS, AS ABOVE DESIGNATED, A TRUE AND EXACT ACCOUNT OF ALL HIS RATABLE ESTATE, DESCRIBING AND SPECIFYING THE VALUE OF EVERY PARCEL OF HIS REAL AND PERSONAL ESTATE.

THE GENERAL LAWS OF RHODE ISLAND PROVIDE THAT:

"Every person bringing in any such account shall make oath before some one of the Assessors that the account exhibited by him contains, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true and full account and valuation of all his ratable estate; AND WHOEVER NEGLECTS OR REFUSES TO BRING IN SUCH ACCOUNT, IF OVERTAXED, SHALL HAVE NO REMEDY THEREFOR."

Executors, Administrators, Guardians and Trustees are hereby notified that all the foregoing applies to them and to Trust Estates as well as to other persons and property.

JOHN M. FRIEND, Chairman
ROBERT S. BASH,
JOHN E. O'NEILL,
Assessors of Taxes.
E. W. HIGBEE, Clerk. 3-12-5w

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, R. I., March 7, 1910.

Estate of Silas N. Littlefield.

REQUEST in writing is made by Bathsheba B. Littlefield, widow of Silas N. Littlefield, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, intestate, that she, said Bathsheba B. Littlefield, of said New Shoreham, or some other suitable person, may be appointed Administratrix of the estate of said deceased; and said request is received and referred to the fourth day of April, at 3 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the *Newport Mercury.*

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN,
3-12-3w Clerk.

Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, March 7th, 1910.

Estate of Nina L. Littlefield and Dorothy B. Littlefield.

PETITION in writing is made by Bathsheba B. Littlefield, the mother of said Nina L. and Dorothy B. Littlefield, requesting that she, Bathsheba B. Littlefield, of said New Shoreham, or some other suitable person may be appointed Guardian of the persons and estates of said Nina L. Littlefield and Dorothy B. Littlefield, minors, said Dorothy being under the age of fourteen years, children of said Bathsheba B. Littlefield and Silas N. Littlefield, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, and said petition is received and referred to the 4th day of March, 1910, at 3 o'clock p. m., at the Probate Court Room, in said New Shoreham, for consideration and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the *Newport Mercury.*

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN,
3-12-3w Clerk.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

March 12, 1910.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, Administrator of the estate of SARAH A. ROSE, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present them to the undersigned or file the same in the office of the clerk of said court within six months from the date of the first advertisement thereof.

WHITMORE W. LITTLEFIELD,
3-12-3w Administrator.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

New Shoreham, R. I., March 12, 1910.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the town of New Shoreham, Administrator of the estate of LUCRETIA ALVES, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court, within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

BERTIE C. ALVES,
3-12-3w Administrator.

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—AND—

Poultry Grit,

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White and Clean,

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